

Punch

9d





September

The game of bowls has been played in this country since the 13th century (and possibly since the 12th). As evidence of this, we put forward the Southampton Town Bowling Club, founded in the year 1299... And so another story of our schooldays comes back, if not into factual existence, at least into the realm of possibility: Sir Francis *could* have played his famous game on Plymouth Hoe. It might even have been something very like our own game, for it was in his century that somebody introduced bias... and here we find ourselves entering upon dangerous ground. The fact is that as players of bowls we approve of bias but, as an Executor and Trustee Company, we view it with something akin to horror. We manage, however, to keep these two halves of our personality severely apart; and in our professional capacity we act with bias towards none and with understanding towards all.

**MIDLAND BANK EXECUTOR
AND TRUSTEE CO. LTD.**

HEAD OFFICE: 6 THREADNEEDLE ST., LONDON, E.C.2



PUNCH

Vol. CCXXXV No. 6159 SEPTEMBER 3 1958

ARTICLES

- P. M. S. BLACKETT
Western Approaches: Faith .. 296
- BERNARD HOLLOWOOD
Focus on Beauty for Men .. 299
- J. B. BOOTHROYD
From a Bank-Manager's Diary.. 301
- NEVILLE DUKE
Pilots at Farnborough .. 303
- MAUREEN FLANAGAN
Wings Will be Worn Higher This Year .. 307
- H. F. ELLIS
Enemies of Flight? .. 308
- CHARLES REID
All the Fun of the Festival .. 312
- LESLIE MARSH ..
A Few Well-chosen Words .. 319

FICTION

- SUSAN CHITTY
Diary of a Fashion Model .. 323

VERSE

- R. A. PIDDINGTON
Literary Zodiac .. 301
- B. A. YOUNG
The Music in Heaven .. 302
- HAZEL TOWNSON
Lines from a Leaking Summer-house .. 310

FEATURES

- PUNCH DIARY .. 294
- TOBY COMPETITIONS.. 311
- FOR WOMEN .. 320-21
- IN THE CITY
Lombard Lane .. 322
- IN THE COUNTRY
Ronald Duncan .. 322

CRITICISM

- BOOKING OFFICE
R. G. G. Price: Samuel and Sam 314
- THEATRE (Eric Keown) .. 316
- FILMS (Richard Mallett) .. 317
- RADIO (Henry Turton) .. 318



IN view of recent cricket moves, the soccer muddle, dissension among British runners, scandals in Russian athletics, Australian tennis suspensions, and the desperate appointment of a football dictator in Italy, it was reassuring to hear Sir Bracewell Smith give his recipe for world peace as "Sport."

CHARIVARIA

EUROPE's largest swimming-pool is to be built in Moscow "within easy reach of the Kremlin." Instructors will concentrate on the technique of going off the deep end.

MR. HEIMANN, Chairman of Mecca Dancing, told *The Times* that his rule that coloured men should bring their own partners was not a colour-bar: he would do the same, if necessary, "with Irish, Scots or Jews." Welshmen can't quite decide whether to be pleased or annoyed.

RUSSIA's current reputation for a more tolerant outlook than the West's is further enhanced by news that the Shotts and Dykehead Caledonia Pipe Band is now touring in Moscow and district. There was no stuffy nonsense about *their* being too noisy to land.

WHEN a Bexhill cinema audience found flood water up to their ankles last



week they sat tight and the show went on. No doubt they thought they were privileged to be present at the first sneak preview of the wetties.

THOSE who felt that the Middle East had handed over to Formosa as the current World War III scare spot, Chinese Communist guns having pumped endless shells into the Nationalist islands, were relieved by Mr. Dulles's assurance that Mao would not attempt a landing as "this would be a threat to peace."

DESPITE the shortage of police a plain-clothes man was spared the other day to pose as a cabaret artist in a



suspect Manchester night club, where he sang a couple of numbers before starting on the arrests. Meanwhile, recruiting auditions continue as before.

IT was a typical piece of Whitehall bungling for the Postmaster-General to announce his newborn baby greetings telegram on the same day that Lambeth gave birth control the green light.

AN American report describes how the injection of an eleven-year-old child with a new "growth hormone" caused her to shoot up three inches in six months. This has caused great interest among the Thor men on Cape Canaveral.

Late Developer

THOUGH T. S. Eliot, cruel April's bard, Once found romance's wasteland bleak and hard, An Autumn curtain rises—and they play The melting strains of "Love Will Find a Way."



Punch Diary

AFTER some months of enjoyable indignation about the exclusion of negro children from the school at Little Rock, British shockery is relishing the news that in Alabama a negro can be sentenced to death for stealing fourteen shillings. After all we had abolished the Slave Trade, Slavery and the death penalty for all crimes short of murder and treason by 1861 and from then until only the other day we could look down our noses across the Atlantic. Now the rising number of inter-racial beatings-up, of which the Nottingham outbreak is merely the latest and worst, the attacks by white street-gangs on coloured men and of coloured street-gangs on white men and the operation of colour-bars and white-bars in dance-halls and house property are making it possible for us to revive our old pre-eminence in hypocrisy. If things continue the way they seem to be heading, mid-twentieth-century Britain is going to sound as sanctimonious as mid-nineteenth century Britain. Let's hope it will fight evil as hard.

3-LSD

THE Banks could not have chosen a better time to inaugurate their generosity-race than the opening of the Radio Show at Earl's Court. The radio industry has a remarkable knack of extracting a fresh gout of money from the public each time the last one looks like flagging. First it was television; then VHF; then hi-fi; and now, all over the exhibition, we see stereophonic sound clamouring for admission. All the *aficionados*, mark my words, will be scrapping their expensive hi-fi installations within the year and starting again on stereo. By the time they have

got that buttoned up, colour-television will be on the air.

One other conclusion I could not avoid drawing from the Radio Show was that, as the quality of sets gets better and better, the design of cabinets gets more and more appalling. Do customers really want their wireless sets to look like cocktail-bars in the flats of Hollywood tarts? I suppose they must.

Slack Wire

ABAFFLING week, last week, for the non-statistically minded, plodding about among bank loan rates, B.E.A. record profits coupled with gloomy forecasts, the Cohen Committee report, and then on top of it all this almost too neat balance struck by the telegram service: the deficit was exactly equalled by the revenue. In other words, what you take you lose, so it scarcely seems worth trying. Except for greetings or saying you can't come it is hard to think of a valid reason for sending a telegram nowadays, considering the price and the other ways of letting people know. One by-product of the industry I should be sorry to see go is the romantic novelist's phrase "the white slip fluttered out of the nerveless fingers" as ominous message reaches plucky little woman. It was always a useful little bit of theatre too, a lot more poignant, and prettier play with the hands, than hanging up an ugly telephone. Still, you can't expect

the Postmaster-General to slave away at a loss simply to provide lumps in Shaftesbury Avenue matinée throats.

Noiseless Flash

BRITISH agreement to a cessation of nuclear tests, accompanied by proposals for a world-wide inspection system, is encouraging, though I suppose that the next job of international physicists will be to perfect the nuclear explosion undetectable by a world-wide inspection system. It won't be easy. Radio waves, analysed airborne particles, barometric records, seismograph readings—all these are likely to be working against him; but no doubt he will do it in the end, and it will probably be to the general satisfaction to have, eventually, the bomb without the bang. Then we can forget the whole thing, and never know that anything has happened to our genes until we notice our grand-children behaving peculiarly.

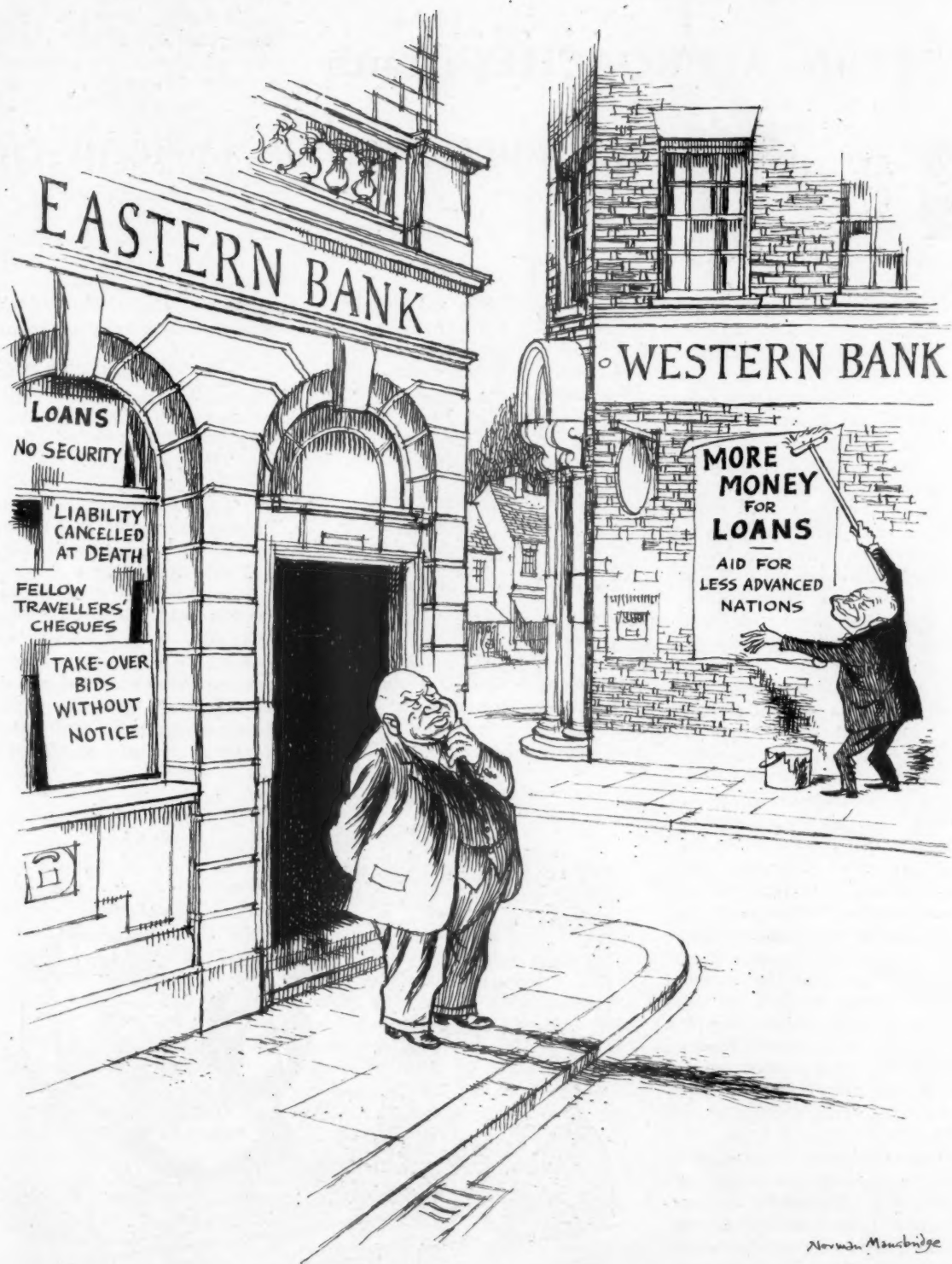
Block and Chip

THREE hundred years ago to-day Cromwell died. Dictators, Puritans, Bible-quoting soldiers and persons likely to appeal to Carlyle are out of fashion and the tercentenary has not aroused any very widespread enthusiasm. Periodically Cromwell gets into the news because his pickled head is owned by a clergyman. The Cromwell Road is being turned into a great artery. A few fans keep his memory, or his statue, green. Modern taste inclines more to his son, the recessive Richard. His lack of ambition has become part of the national folklore. So has his presence in the crowd at Queen Anne's coronation. As the procession passed he surprised the woman next to him by his expert running commentary. He was the most famous of all "private faces in public places." A nation without Olivers risks slavery; so does a nation without Richards.

The Friendly Island

IF the busmen weary of irritating their public by working to rule they might try drawing up a code of extravagant co-operation, or even take a tip from Guernsey, where a correspondent saw an obliging conductor cram his bus well beyond the legal limit and when it was under way heard him shout "Will you all sit on the floor, please? There's a police-car coming."

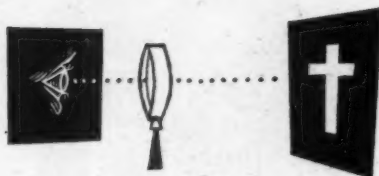




President Eisenhower has proposed a general increase in the resources of the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund to help world economic development.

Aspects of modern thought and behaviour

WESTERN APPROACHES : Faith



THE EDUCATION OF AN AGNOSTIC

By P. M. S. BLACKETT

HOW right C. S. Lewis is to distinguish sharply between being religious and being interested in religion. My own personal history provides an illustration of this. Brought up in the kindly security of an Edwardian middle-class home, I was baptised into the Church of England, then vaccinated and finally confirmed, as was the usual order in those stately days. Like many others I felt some slight disappointment that confirmation left on me no noticeable mark—I had half expected some mental reaction like the physiological one after a successful vaccination: definitely with me confirmation did not take. I regularly attended Sunday morning service and no doubt it did me a power of good by extracting me for a restful hour from the wooden hut in our garden where I spent every hour out of school making wireless sets and model aeroplanes. I found that I could turn this Sunday ritual to good effect when I discovered that the enforced repose of a sermon was excellently conducive to bright ideas as to how to mount a galena crystal or to carve the propeller of a model aeroplane.

RELIGION in those days in my environment meant C. of E. Protestantism: Nonconformity was, in modern jargon, rather non-U, Roman Catholicism foreign and slightly wicked. Hinduism, Buddhism and Moham-medanism were hardly thought of as religions.

The next occasion on which religion made an impact on me was during the First World War. The Sunday morning service was still the central ritual, but the mellow glow of a Surrey church had given place to the grey fifteen-inch guns which towered over the quarter-deck of a battleship at Scapa Flow. Divine service and gunnery drill were equally

part of Naval training and discipline. As the Articles of War have it: "On the British Navy, under the good Providence of God, the Wealth, Safety and Strength of the Kingdom chiefly depends"—or as Rudyard Kipling has expressed it in the hymn which still stirs up vivid youthful emotions:

*God of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle-line,
Beneath whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget.*

Even then, young as I was, it did not escape me that similar prayers were being read on the other side of the North Sea to the same God but in aid of the wealth, safety and strength of the German Empire. It was not till many years later that I came across in some

newspaper a verse which would have expressed well my early doubts.

*God heard the embattled nations sing
and shout,
"Gott strafe England" and "God save
the King"
God this, God that and God the other
thing.
"Good God," said God; "I've got my
work cut out."*

Reacting against the all too obviously tribal element in European Protestantism, I was attracted for a time by the pagan pantheism of Walt Whitman. Soon afterwards I also read Dean Inge's book on mysticism and remember being struck by the fact that the beautiful visions, apparitions and presences which were experienced by devotees of the various religions seemed very much alike and gave no evidence of contact with



other realities and certainly no support to any specific religion. Incidentally, if I remember right, the Dean makes clear that he himself had never experienced these valuable sensations: who then were lesser fry to try to seek them?

When, soon after the end of the First World War, I was excitedly training to be a scientist under the great Rutherford, I was too pleasurably occupied with finding out about the material world to think any more about the role of religion. Later on I renewed my interest and read quite a bit in the field of the history and sociology of religion. I realized then how widespread and dominating was the role of religion as the sanction for social codes of behaviour. What has seemed queer was that only rarely has man been able to maintain a viable code of everyday behaviour without linking it to a belief in some kind of supernatural world. I believe that anthropologists have an explanation for this in terms of the lack of differentiation by primitive man between the seen and the unseen and no doubt psychologists have other sorts of explanation. However, it still seems odd to me. Did ape-men have their own simian heaven, and if not, at what stage in the 500,000 years of man's evolution did a supernatural world become necessary? It is as if at some stage man found his natural passions so thwarted by the exigencies of gregarious life that he had to invent the supernatural to redress the balance of the natural. Nothing in my reading suggested that the half historical and half mythical gods of any one religion were any more or less worthy of intellectual credence than those of any other, though, of course, the moral teaching associated with the various religious beliefs differs much in quality and human value.

WHAT is a reasonable attitude for a sceptical scientist like myself to take to the claim made by many people, including some of his scientific colleagues, that supernatural phenomena do exist? One answer would be that to the experimental scientist the supernatural is a contradiction in terms: for if any event is observed by enough people, or is repeated often enough to allow description or measurement, it is immediately incorporated into the scheme of the natural. So my disbelief in the supernatural is tantamount to believing that

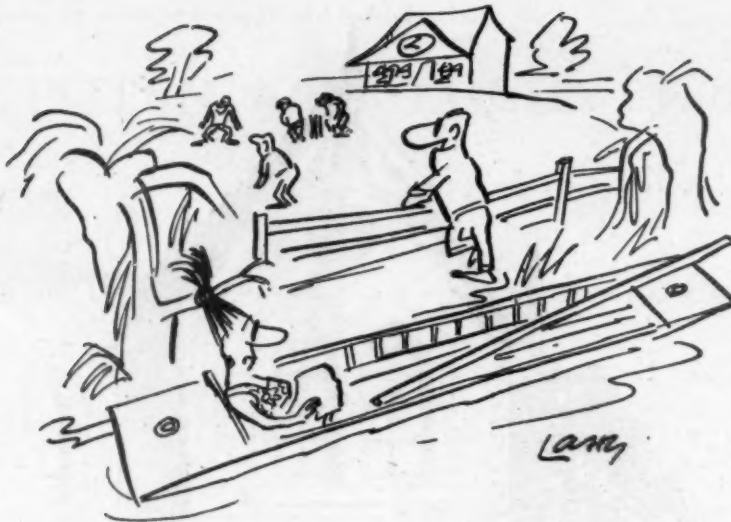


"I doubt whether he'll see you—he's pretty much of a recluse these days."

no event has ever been recorded which can be proved not to be explicable by what we are wont to call the laws of nature. Of course, our mathematical powers are still far too limited to allow us to explain in detail, far less to predict, the properties of so simple an event as a thunderstorm: but no meteorologist believes that anything outside the laws of physics is involved. However, since scientists are continually discovering unexpected and exciting complexities in nature, it could be argued that perhaps one day they may discover some event which does not fit in with anything hitherto known and which therefore could best be attributed to divine influence, perhaps specifically as the answer to someone's prayer. Put in this

way one could say that miracles may not have happened yet, but that they might to-morrow. This cannot be disproved. However, it would seem a little presumptuous from a world standpoint to suppose that the laws of physics might be temporarily suspended as the result of prayers for fine weather for the next Test Match.

A critic may protest that this is all undergraduate stuff and that few people anyway believe in the objective efficacy of prayer. Rather, the critic may say, it is the subjective effects of religious beliefs which are important: they certainly make some people feel happy, generous, brave or clever. This may often be both true and valuable: it is also one of the main attractions of alcohol.



If no interference with the laws of nature have ever occurred, then the belief in a Divine Purpose hardly differs in effect from the atheist's belief in an objective external world evolving according to its own laws, which it is the task of the scientist to unravel.

Whatever agnostics like myself may think about the truth of religion, there is no doubt that it has played a vital role in history and not least in the past few hundred years of British history. Of the books which profoundly affected my way of thought about this period, pre-eminent was R. H. Tawney's *Religion and the Rise of Capitalism*. In brilliant prose he sketches the fascinating interactions between the revolutions in economics, politics, science, technology and religion, which transformed Britain within three centuries from a small backward nation into the first industrial power in the world, and so created the first State founded on the unfettered play of free individual enterprise. In the process the parliamentary system of government was perfected and the practice of religious and political liberty was greatly advanced.

IN his final chapter, Tawney refers to "the idolatry of wealth, which is the practical religion of capitalist societies" and then proceeds to quote J. M. Keynes' comment on the economic system which he spent a lifetime studying and trying to rid of some of its worst symptoms: "Modern Capitalism is absolutely irreligious, without internal union, without much public spirit, often,

though not always, a mere congeries of possessors and pursued."

Shortly after the war was over I had the good fortune to get to know something of India. This was my first personal contact with a non-western and non-Christian country; moreover one which had a much older civilization than that of Europe and which in many respects appears to be essentially more religious than Britain. On the one hand one finds a deep admiration for the scientific and technical achievements of Europe and America and a passionate desire to reap the material benefits that they can confer. On the other hand there is also a contempt for the assumptions of moral, religious and racial superiority, which poisoned the relations between Europe and the non-white world for so long and whose aftermath is still with us. As Arnold Toynbee has pointed out, the Christian West, in the eyes of the rest of the world, are the arch-aggressors of history. It would be interesting to draw up a mark-sheet for bad conduct over the past five hundred years between the behaviour of the Christian West and the non-Christian rest of the world for such qualities as bigotry, greed, ferocity, inhumanity and vandalism. Giving marks for the destruction of the civilizations of Mexico and Peru, the religious wars and persecutions, the slave trade, the plunder of Bengal, the humiliations and economic disaster imposed on China, white racialism, two world wars in half a century and finally Hiroshima and Nagasaki, the West would tot up quite a tidy score. Of

course it could be argued that Europeans might have behaved still worse if they had not been Christian, but that would convict Europeans of an exceptional dose of natural iniquity.

Perhaps it may be said that I am taking the whole question as to the intellectual truth or falsehood of our particular European religion too seriously. After all it does give a great deal of mental help and comfort to numberless people who badly need help and comfort. Why not let the subject alone? My answer would be that in our highly technological world great dangers can result from sincere religious beliefs. Let us take an imaginary example. Suppose that a motorist believed that he would be less liable to accidents if he prayed to God before a long journey to keep all bad drivers away from him. A not unlikely result would be to lead him, fortified by God's aid, to drive less carefully, so that he would become in fact more rather than less liable to accidents. If I ran a motor insurance company, then, to the curious list of those who have to pay higher premiums, which now includes veterinary surgeons, variety artists and alcoholics, I would certainly add true believers in the objective efficacy of prayer.

A MUCH more dangerous form of religious belief is that expressed in a recent statement by the Archbishop of Canterbury in a recent book of opinions about the danger of H-bombs, in which he wrote: "For all I know it is within the providence of God that the human race should destroy itself in this manner. There is no evidence that the human race is to last for ever and plenty in Scripture to the contrary effect." This, if believed, can only discourage statesmen from attempting to reduce the danger of destruction and so would increase the chance of all of us being atomized. It is as if my imaginary motorist, far from praying that he may avoid accidents, believed that it might be God's will that he would die in a motor accident. The right treatment for such a motorist would be to disqualify him for life from driving at all.

MAURICE RICHARDSON writes next week. Other contributors to this series:

D. F. KARAKA
JOHN WAIN

WOLF MANKOWITZ
DREW MIDDLETON

R. C. ROBERTSON-GLASGOW

Focus on Beauty for Men

By BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

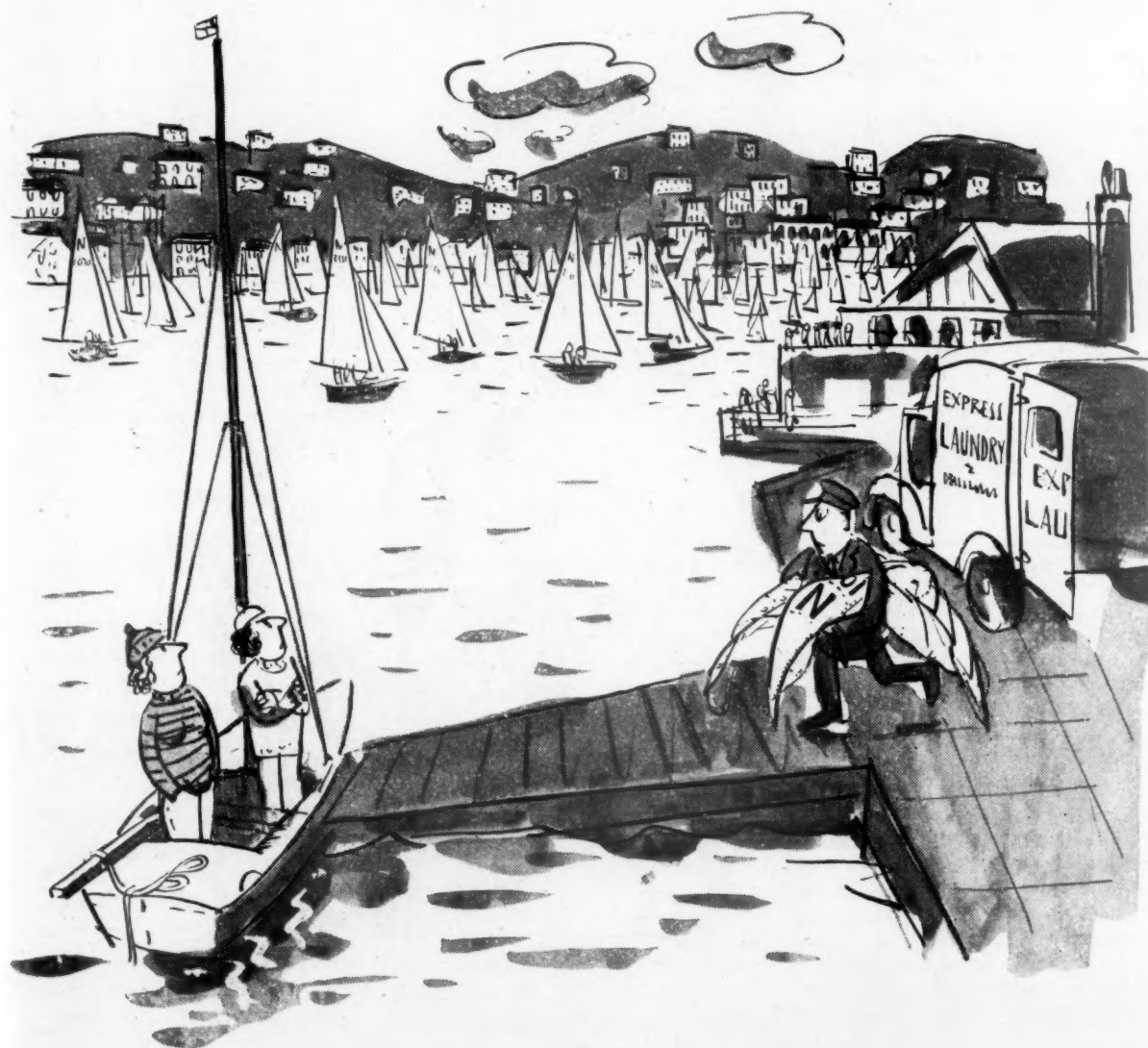
FOR me the best news of this perfectly putrid summer—and what a horrid rash of too-revealing plastic mags it has evoked—comes from America with the launching of a new campaign to make men beauty-conscious. It had to come of course, but I can hardly suppress a squeal of delight at the prospect of all the lovely hints I shall be able to pass on to you. To me it has always seemed revoltingly absurd that my sex, which does everything else so much better than the other one, should be handicapped by ludicrous

conventions in the business of looking one's best and making oneself desirable. Thank goodness, men, that our brothers in the United States have revolted at last against stale, crop-headed Puritanism!

In this first article I shall deal only with first principles of male allure: the really exciting tit-bits of inside info and mention of under-the-counter preparations will come later. Before you read on there is one warning I must utter—don't on any account adopt all of my suggestions simultaneously. Carry the police along with you: let your new

radiance bloom gradually and remember that quiet distinctive grooming wins more backward glances of approval than an overpowering addiction to after-shave lotion.

Care of the Hands. It has always puzzled me that men who normally take pains with their hands at home (always using rubber gloves when washing-up and selecting only the kindest brands of pumice stone) should take such cruel risks when playing away. The water at the office may be hard, the pavilion shower may be brackish, the towels in



the restaurant toilet may be treated with harmful chemicals. Why risk rough skin and cracked nails when for a few shillings you can acquire a "Dresden" Portable Ablution Kit. Two pairs of rot-proof plastic *gants*, a tablet of gentle soap, an ingenious immersion type water softener (it fits into a matchbox!) and three O-so-soft throw-away towels—all for 59s. 11d. Winkempton's in the Strand are marketing a neat little palm-pad, quite undetectable in use, which can help you to avoid direct contact with the handles and hand-rails of doors, buses, taxis and so on. Washable, it comes in three colours, old gold, shocking green and *eau*.

Unwanted Facial Hair. Nothing is more damaging to a fellow's chances

than what the Americans call "Kentucky Shadow," the blue grass stubble so prevalent among once-a-day shavers at cocktail time. And especially is this so when most smart men are reviving a complexion popular in the eighteenth century, "the warm but interesting pallor" of the salons.

Now to the rescue comes the Mason "Beardcheater," a cunning little manual razor disguised either as a cigarette-holder or a pipe. The gadget is applied to the chin casually and covertly in short sharp rubs and (hey presto!) unsightly facial hair disappears as if by magic. There is a special "Beardcheater" model for non-smokers, a razor made to look like a pocket-watch. After an hour's practice with this little beauty (the idea

is to take it from the pocket and hold it to the ear, *but giving the whiskers the once-over en route*, I managed a clean shave in the Savoy Grill between the smoked salmon and the filet mignon. And I'm certain that no one, not even my actress companion, spotted my guilty little secret.

Scent. Right away let me say that a discreet use of scent need not nowadays brand a man as effeminate. All the same it is wiser in public to refer to your precious phial as shave lotion or styptic pencil. Buying scent need cause you no embarrassment if you stick to brands with such rugged names as Affrick's "Harness Room," Robinson's "Sherpa's Grit," Endersley's "Old Sweat" and Camstock's "British Coaster," all of



"Edith's got a way with animals."

which are recommended. To apply scent, dab a little behind your hearing-aid and on the Adam's apple. Don't wallow in it! And take care, if you're a smoker of strong shag, not to get your perfumes crossed! Old Cutty and a *parfum* with a musk base simply do not mix. By one who knows!

Hair-styling. Most men worry too much about thinning hair. Nothing is more endearing to the ladies than signs of experience in the male of her choice and slight balding is at least indicative of a sense of loss and mental anguish. It is a mistake to camouflage bald patches by the extravagant cultivation of the side-hair and careful lateral combing: the slightest breeze will find you out. On the contrary the denuded patches should be exposed and allowed to weather.

Baldness is unæsthetic only when it is accompanied by a high gloss—usually the result of repeated nervous smoothing movements of the hand. Patina can be avoided by washing the offending patches in detergent. The abrasive action of rough pillows may also be helpful. Stodger and Co., of Wimpole Street, have pillow-cases in various shades of real Harris Tweed. Modest in price.

In my next article I shall deal with eye-lashes, ears and auricular hair, chest development and the effects of nuclear radiation on sensitive skins. Write to me, please, with your personal problems. I shall do my level best to help.

Literary Zodiac

"Behind the man the writer moles away."
The *Sunday Times* on H. E. Bates.

THE writer tenebrously moles away;
He beavers at his manuscript all day;

Occasionally he'll sloth awhile and brood

Before (or after) pythoning some food.
His publisher gorillas when he's heard
The author tortoises from word to word;
The agent squirrels at the long delay,
While the tax-gatherer spiders for his prey.

R. A. PIDDINGTON



From a Bank-Manager's Diary

By J. B. BOOTHROYD

... in all my eighteen years' service. Without security? Head Office must be mad. Not that *they* worry, sitting up there in Lombard Street pumping out circulars. They should try implementing them in Market Steeping. Frankly, I doubt if I can do it. Just hand two hundred pounds to E. W. Belt, or Mrs. Fernyhough-Chough, or that terrible William Fowler? And without security? Fowler tried to stop my car on the way home to-night. That means he'll be first in the queue at opening-time to-morrow morning. And shall I be able to say anything about his £12 overdraft? Not a word. I shall have to send him away with £188 in his pocket, to buy a van and trailer—he says.

Of course there's always character. They have to be of good character, Head Office says. I don't see how you get at this. I like a form to fill up, as with the old-type Advance Application. And, anyway, what's my legal position? Have H.O. considered that? Are they going to put up a counsel's fee for me in a defamation suit? It could come to that. They were such fools to give it to the papers, of course. There again—no thought for *me*. If only I could go on saying "I shall have to consult Head Office," or "Head Office are pressing

me," as in the good old days! But now everyone knows.

Up to now, when customers of the Fowler or Belt class have been seen leaving my room with pale, set expressions and no money, other customers, in the public space, have simply assumed that they had been trying for an unsecured loan, and naturally hadn't got one. In future, it will mean that I have told them they are bad characters. Any lawyer will tell them that hatred, ridicule and contempt could lie. How very different it used to be! If a man wanted to buy a house he didn't get a bean until I had the deeds in the safe, *and* his life policy and his wife's testamentary expectations and his brother-in-law's next year's sugar-beet crop hypothecated. Security, security all the way. That was banking. I was brought up to the good old maxim, Never lend if you can't foreclose for twice the sum. When Mrs. Fernyhough-Chough came cringing for £100 to go to Buxton for her rheumatism I just said "And for security?" And when she said she hadn't any I shrugged and held out my hand. As I often used to say to them, "Poverty's no crime. It's just that the bank can't lend unsecured." We understood each other and parted friends.



Eighteen years as a banker, and suddenly I'm in the usury business. The shame of it.

I suppose I must look on the bright side, difficult though it is. At any rate, I still have one shot in the locker. They've got to prove to me that the money goes on what they say they want it for. I can fight a delaying action there. Perhaps on that note I had better cease this and get to bed.

Sept. 1. What a day! I was quite right about Fowter. He was waiting when I reached the bank. He didn't want £200, he wanted £500. I reminded him that with a debit of £12 already this would only mean £488, and asked him what he wanted it for. "Motor-car," he said. "Non-recurring expense." "Indeed," I said. "And how do I know you're going to spend the money on a motor-car?" And he invited me outside to look at it. He'd bought it already, and handed me the bill for £487 10s. He said that if I cared to settle it he'd be glad to leave the odd 10s. on deposit. There seemed no way out. It was my blackest ten minutes ever. After all, I can't prove that it's a put-up job between him and his boozing-companion Whickersley, of Market Steeping Motor Sales, who'll have bought the car back again by this time, and left Fowter with the best part of £500 for horses, dogs and drinks-all-round at "The Anchor." What am I

supposed to do, go round to Fowter's place to-night, look in the garage and ask where the car is? What if he says he's lent it to Dolly Wagstraw of "The Three Feathers"? Am I supposed to go and ask her? Anyway, she'd just say yes, and laugh. There seems no end to it.

I had a bit of luck with young Arnold Chapper. He came in, all grins, wanting £250 to start a business. Said he'd got the concession on all the cigarette-ends in the local cinema, and was setting up in secondhand tobacco.

Plausible as ever. However, being fresh from Remand Home he couldn't say much when I told him that Head Office would refuse on character grounds. I don't think *he'll* trouble me again. It gave me a chance to put my Chief Clerk, Wilkins, in his place, when he suggested we ought to lay bundles of fivers on the counter with a notice saying "Please Take One." There is still room for *some* judgment to be exercised.

But things soon got bad again. By the time we closed the doors I'd advanced more than £6,000—and under the old system not one of them would have got a ha'penny. What's more, I

fought back every inch of the way, with what few weapons those lunatics at H.O. have left me. Early to bed to-night. Very exhausted and utterly sick at heart.

Sept. 2. Fine thing to-day, five minutes after we'd opened. I was feeling weak. Yesterday took it out of me. It happened I was doing a monthly cash check in my room when E. W. Belt was shown in. I imagine he'd have been in before if he hadn't wanted time to think up a story. I was counting a bundle of a hundred halves when I saw him. "Sit down, Mr. Belt," I said. "Now what?" As if I didn't know. He said, "I suppose I couldn't have a hundred to buy a greenhouse?" The only way to get E. W. Belt into a greenhouse would be to have a case of Scotch in it. I didn't say that. I was resigned by now. What I did say was, "Yes, yes!" rather sharply, and I threw the bundle of notes I was counting into his lap. He gave a start, and stared at me, and went on staring.

Fortunately, Dr. Ramley was in the bank at the time, and diagnosed death from shock. Well, there you are. I knew no good would come of this. I've begun the draft of my letter to H.O., and they can sort it out as best they can. A week ago, when I still felt some loyalty to the bank, I'd have taken the £100 back, and no one the wiser. As it is, it can be their first case of Death Cancels Debt, as advertised; they can be a hundred pounds down the drain as far as I'm concerned. There'll be plenty more going the same way, if I know anything.

The Music in Heaven

In memory of Ralph Vaughan Williams

WHEN for Vaughan Williams, on the day he died, The trumpets sounded on the other side, The older Masters waiting for him frowned To hear them blow an unfamiliar sound— A sound exciting and sublime to hear, Yet falling strangely on the classic ear "What's this new music that the heavenly choir," They asked, "is adding to its repertoire?" Then Henry Purcell lifted up his voice: "Now," said he, "we have reason to rejoice. Once more we welcome, after all too long, The glorious strains of native English song."

B. A. YOUNG



Pilots at Farnborough

By NEVILLE DUKE

FROM the pilot's point of view segregation is almost complete at Farnborough. On the other side of the airfield, near the toilets, you will perhaps have observed in the past a white marquee which nowadays has evolved into a semi-permanent structure surrounded by a high iron fence, enclosing a sort of paddock. This is where the pilots are briefed, eat, swap lies regarding their products and wait like gladiators to perform after the feast.

It is almost impossible for lesser mortals to get behind this iron curtain; so if you should wonder what the pilots do all day for their meagre salary, a brief outline of the grim scene might not be out of place.

The pilots assemble in the morning for the day's weather briefing and flying display programme. The demonstration sequence, radio call-signs and frequencies, time allowances, take-off and landing directions, taxi instructions, parking and dispersal arrangements are detailed by the briefing officer (normally the officer commanding R.A.F., Farnborough). The essential time check and synchronization of watches follows, for a great deal of the success of the show depends upon very strict time-keeping. A review of the many current complex flying restrictions in force during the display takes place. These safety precautions subdue his performance and increase the difficulty the pilot

already has to present his aircraft in the best possible manner. They are intended, however, to give the spectator the best chance of surviving his day at Farnborough. For example, they forbid one to fly over the crowd at any time, or to turn towards them within about a radius of three miles; "low" runs are not on below the top of the control tower and no nearer the crowd than the main runway; "high speed" runs are limited to subsonic speed and a percentage of the speed that the aircraft has been cleared to in flight tests. Supersonic "bangs" are not allowed these days and if you overrun your time you cannot land back at Farnborough but must divert to Blackbushe aerodrome.



After the main briefing and detailing of any points arising from the previous day's flying, e.g. "will so-and-so increase the height of his low run so that he can be seen from the second row"—individuals seek permission to change their original display routine, e.g. "can I take off the other way from everybody else so's I can be inverted opposite the crowd at fifty degrees after take-off?"



A thing called the Flying Control Committee is responsible for flying discipline and for approving individual demonstrations, as well as being arbitrator in claims for more demonstration time, and general grizzles about the food. These greybeards are some half-dozen "old" pilots with much S.B.A.C. show experience but, nevertheless, of agreeable dispositions. Upon them rests the decision to curtail, modify or abandon the display if the weather plays up—they can never win.

Amongst the individual pilots it is sometimes possible to pick out the fighter man or the "big aeroplane" man. The fighter type is more often on the thin and worried-looking side. His aspect is perhaps occasioned by the fact that his type of aircraft carries very little fuel but contains a very large and thirsty engine—furthermore, in order to reduce the weight of the aircraft, he is flying with only a minimum of fuel on board, just sufficient for the demonstration and a bit in reserve.

There are several reasons why the fighter cuts down his fuel load to a minimum. He wants the aircraft as light as possible to give a short take-off run and high rate of initial acceleration and climb, the reduced wing loading will improve his turning ability, he can demonstrate the low speed characteristics to the best advantage and finally the landing speed and run will be reduced to a minimum. The only way he can cut weight is in fuel since there is very little other disposable load in a fighter. Armament and ammunition may possibly be disposable but centre of gravity (or the "balance") of the aircraft must be considered. It is not unlikely that the fighter fuel con-

sumption will be of the order of a gallon per second and the pilot's preoccupied air can therefore be understood. This type can also be recognized by the ingrained marks on his face outlining the very tight oxygen mask—this mask must be a perfect airtight fit to be satisfactory for operation at high altitude but it was not designed for British-shaped faces. Furthermore, unless he strips down and flies in his underwear (as he often does, which can be embarrassing after a forced landing in spite of wearing overalls on top) crumpled trousers and shirt are evidence of the tight network of straps and harness which bind him into his tiny cockpit and of the G suit which attempts to keep him conscious by squeezing the body and keeping blood and eyeballs where they belong.

Conversely the big aeroplane man—particularly the civil transport type—is distinguishable by his contented, well-groomed appearance. His (externally) relaxed outlook is perhaps because he has all the good things which go to make the aviator happy—or at least happier. Lots of fuel, several engines, many crew and all the radio and navigation aids available. His unruffled attire comes from spacious living on board.

A further breakdown in personalities can be made between the civilian and the Service test-pilot. The civilian develops a poker complex and can keep a straight, honest and sincere facial expression when describing the performance and handling characteristics of his company's product. The Service test-pilot, representing the customer, has no such inhibitions and gives uncompromising and depressing expression to his opinions.



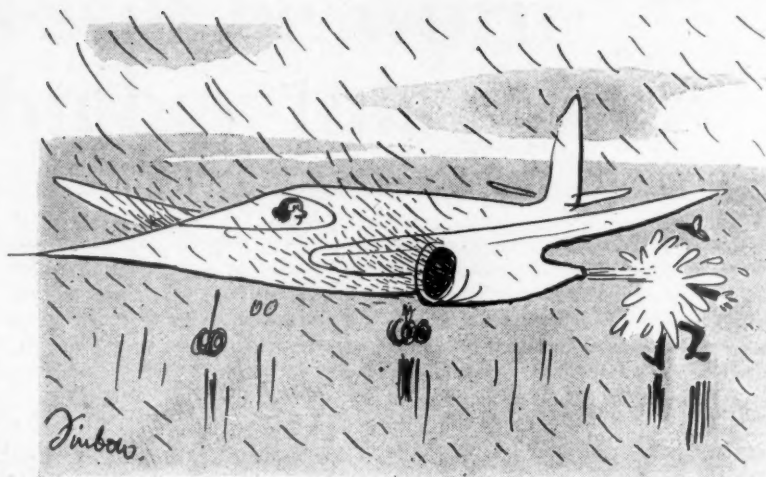
HARGREAVES.

A certain amount of gamesmanship is employed at Farnborough. As already mentioned the fighter carries a minimum of fuel, and all is well unless a hold-up of the proceedings occurs. He further improves his weight by not carrying internal armament and if he carries external armament stores for demonstration it has been known for these to be bogus, e.g. a certain torpedo once had a hollow woody sound when tapped. But generally speaking the fighter cannot dispose of much weight compared with the bomber or transport. These aircraft can fly without passengers or bomb load and with a comparatively small amount of fuel. The weight they can therefore dispose of amounts to a very high percentage and permits deceptively short take-off runs, steep initial climb, ability to fly on hardly any engines, slow landing speed and short landing run.

Noise is essential for the high-speed fighter to help in the impression of speed and power. There is no difficulty here, and the skin-tearing noise one is subjected to during this week is at least one thing about the show that gets more impressive every year. A nice long, low, straight, full throttle run just the right distance from the crowd is the main gimmick of the high-speed fighters. It is the easiest thing to do but appears to create a favourable impression, especially if weather conditions are a little damp and thus conducive to the formation of visual shock-waves in the form of vapour. The impression of speed (although only some 700-730 m.p.h.) is enhanced by the apparently silent approach of the aircraft until it is past—when the noise hits with shattering effect, bolstered by the impact of shock-waves developed at this near sonic speed.

Conversely, the civil transport is out to demonstrate its silent passage and should this feature not be, as yet, reduced to sufficiently low decibels then the pilot can cunningly help to give this impression by easing the throttles back as he approaches the crowd—gently slipping the power up to keep in the air as he draws away out of earshot.

There are a number of "musts" for the pilot taking part in any aerobatic display—to remain in sight as much as possible throughout the whole performance (this is clearly very difficult with the high-speed fighter type because speed means space), not to fly overhead



where it is difficult for the spectator to see and for the same reason to keep out of the sun. The various aerobatics must be carefully planned and co-ordinated so that an easy sequence is presented and abrupt manoeuvres avoided, i.e. it is desirable that the presentation should flow smoothly in easy view with a "lazy" manner which suggests simplicity! Above all at the S.B.A.C. show it is essential to adhere strictly to time.

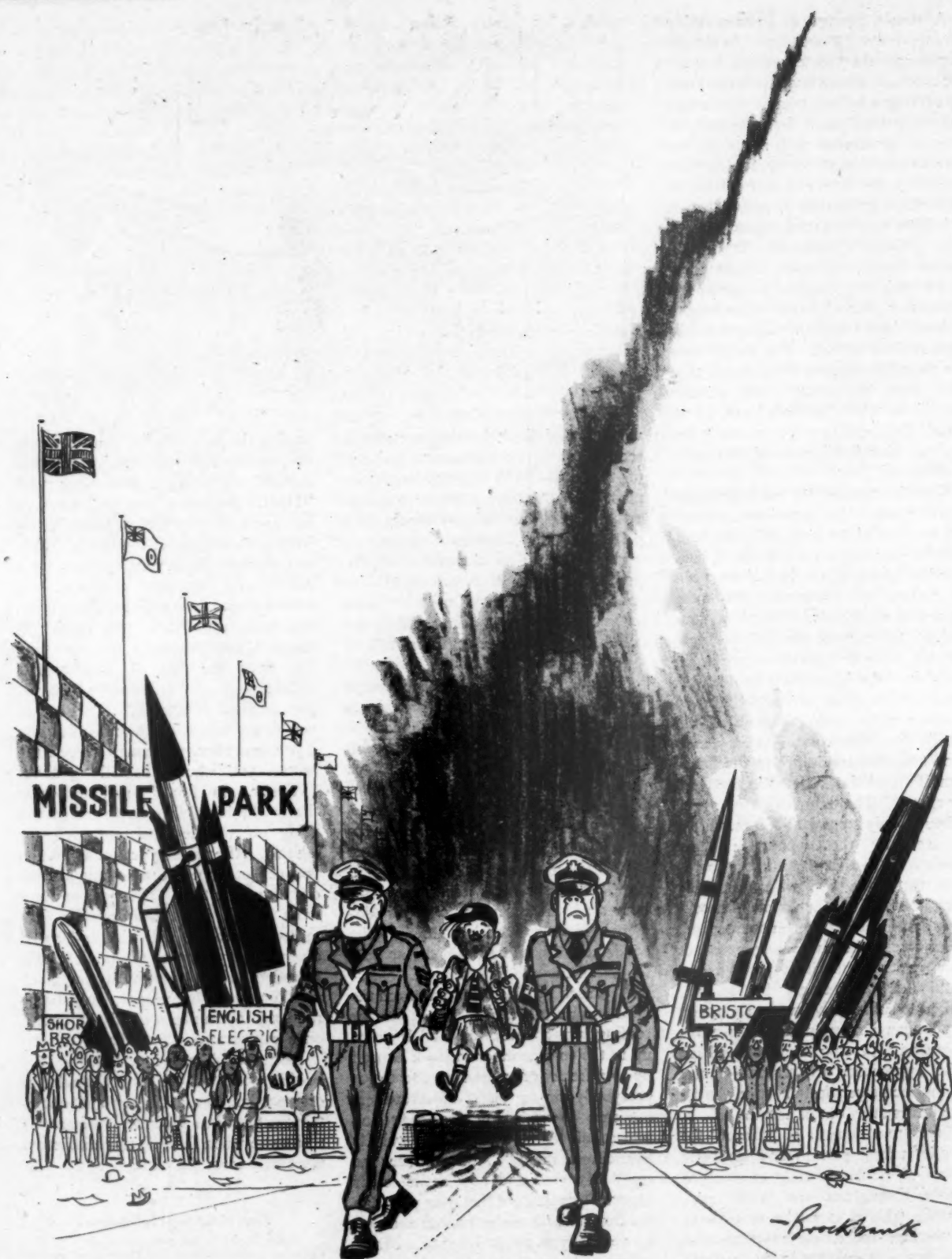
Time literally flies at Farnborough. No sooner are you airborne, wheels up and curving away towards Odiham in preparation for a 180 degree turn at full throttle for your high speed run back along the runway than the controller comes up with "Hunter three minutes to go." He gets no reply because you are speechless at this time with the effect of the 6G turn at a speed building up to the 700 m.p.h. mark cramming your head somewhere down into your abdomen. Having lined up through the windscreen on the lead-in lights and fought off the blinding effect of "black-out" caused by blood draining from the head under G you croak "Hunter coming in now" over the R.T. It's now up to the commentator to work himself up to a frenzy of excitement and to get everybody in a state of breathless suspense to withstand the shattering impact of the as yet unseen vehicle bounding at them "... at very near the speed of sound and now available for export." Having got that over you snap the throttle back, airbrakes out and pull up vertically at about 7G into a climb, rolling on to your back as speed falls and

pulling through into line with the runway again. Although you've only just started, the voice comes over with "Hunter two minutes to go" as you go into a series of very high rate rolls each of which takes less than two seconds. When you have re-caged your eyeballs by a roll in the opposite direction, and hauled round into position for a loop, you will hear when you reach the inverted position some five thousand feet over the top of Farnborough "Hunter—finish" followed by "Comet, you are clear to take off." That means you've got to get down and quick and if you have strength enough to press the button you wheeze something about "Hunter, on finals" and somehow throw wheels and flaps down and get the thing on to the final approach for landing. Afterwards you feel as though you've just played at something strenuous for a long time. This goes on for a week and it is necessary to be firm regarding evening activities and social diversions if you are to remain fit for this marathon. Here again the big aeroplane men enjoy an advantage, only being required to trundle around the circuit on a comparatively even keel.

Farnborough week is certainly unique in this world but for all its wonderful organization, static display and entertainment facilities I wonder if the crowds will come when (and if) the missile era takes over from the pilot?

The Makarios Influence?

"PAGE 5: Milk bar proprietor shot in hip. Colorful ceremony as Greek priest blesses Melbourne shop."—*Australian paper*





wings will be worn higher this year



by our fashion correspondent*



HIGH wings—or at any rate higher than we have been flying between for the past few seasons—are the decree of almost all the aircraft-manufacturers at this year's collections. And from what we hear, they are going to get higher before we are through. Delicately-tapered wings cutely cantilevered out from the top of the body and linked attractively over the fuselage with a robust spar are seen on Handley-Page's fetching "Dart-Herald" and De Havilland's "Beaver," while Avro, formerly so devoted to the low-wing silhouette, shows the Vulcan with a pair of voluminous wings set shoulder high, and is said to have gone even further with the Arrow (not, alas, to be seen at Farnborough), in which a slim, high wing of delta configuration sets off a sleek body with squared-off panels on either side accommodating the air-intakes of the twin Pratt and Whitney J75 engines.

Vickers, however, still insists on the low-wing look, and gives it a most subtle interpretation in the Vanguard, his newest medium-range creation. For military wear, however, he has set the wing high on his rather severe Valiant, and it is rumoured that he will keep this outline when he comes to show the VC 10.

De Havilland, too, holds to the low line in his Comet 4B, and the result is charmingly aerodynamic and not in the least old-fashioned.

All the same, the high-wing look appears with variations again and again . . . Fairey shows the Gannet with a wing that starts high and swoops gracefully to give a bird-like effect . . . Westland mounts his wings on rotors and revolves them amusingly, high above the fuselage . . . Auster reinforces them with supporting struts giving a gaily triangulated appearance.

About materials there was almost complete agreement—a rigid foundation of aluminium alloy castings, cunningly

overlaid with a delicate layer of aluminium sheet rivetted so as to give a "stressed skin" effect, was the choice of nearly every designer for this year's models. An exception was Auster, who offered us the fabric covering he has used so effectively for so long.

Colours were mostly metallic lustres of one kind or another, usually picked out with a contrasting hue in a formal design suggesting the livery of an airline or a fighting arm. Blackburn's delicious N.A.39 strike aircraft looked uncommonly charming in a two-tone scheme of black and silver, and a Folland Gnat in Middy Blue caught the eye.

Among novelties I noticed a Hunter in which a rocket power-unit had been cleverly employed to reinforce the

natural qualities of the Sapphire engine . . . a rocket of superb simplicity with a warhead designed to fall to the ground in a stately curve . . . a Viscount with a cosy bomb-proof shelter for nervy passengers to go to when air-control get a telephone message to say there is a bomb on board.

All in all, this year's Farnborough collections may be summed up as exciting without being sensational. Aircraft displayed a classical elegance combined with a contemporary chic that is the British designer's own particular perfection, tending, with that beautifully casual technique to be found nowhere else in the industry, to combine rich charm of line with the most marvellous aerodynamic efficiency.

MAUREEN FLANAGAN

CHESTNUT GROVE

"Paul Crum" is the name under which Roger Petticard contributed his unusual drawings in the late 'thirties. He was killed in the Dieppe raid of 1942.



"My criticism is that it's neither one thing nor the other."

February 8 1939

*deputizing at short notice for our aeronautical correspondent.

J O N I C U S



Enemies of Flight?

By H. F. ELLIS

IN that film called, I think, *The Sound Barrier*, severe buffeting was experienced at round about Mach point nine seven. Everything shook. The pilot's cheeks wobbled in a distressing manner and his grip on the stick resembled that of an octogenarian on the steering-handle of a bath-chair plunging out of control down a street in Clovelly. This was bad enough, but worse was to follow. The aircraft refused to answer to its controls. Pulling the stick back accentuated instead of flattening out the dive. So the pilot (guided, if I remember right, by some wartime reminiscence) threw common sense, and indeed

sanity overboard, pushed the stick forward—and landed safely, with Mach One and a bit to his credit.

Whether this picturesque scene bears any relation to what actually happens in trans-sonic flight I do not know. But what interested me particularly about it was that, even if strictly incorrect, it is *typical* of man's dealings with the air. It illustrates, in a pleasingly dramatic way, the fundamental fact that in aviation whatever is contrary to reason turns out ultimately to be right.

From the earliest times, then, man's struggles to conquer the air have been handicapped by the fact that, in all forms

of heavier-than-air flight, what really happens is either (a) opposed to common sense, or (b) opposed to what *seems* to happen or (c) both. Take birds. I suppose that nine educated men out of ten, if asked to explain how a blackbird gets along, would say that it obtains lift by beating its wings downwards upon the air below and advances by bringing its wings *forward* on the up stroke and *backwards* on the down stroke, thus clawing its way through the air after the fashion of a swimmer using the butterfly stroke. There is no need to be ashamed of this belief, utterly mistaken though it is.

Leonardo da Vinci, who was nobody's fool and made a profound study of the flight of birds into the bargain, noted that they beat their wings "downwards and behind; downwards to the extent necessary to prevent the bird from descending, and behind when they want to advance with greater speed"; and he added, as any sensible man would "Swimming in water teaches men what birds do in the air."

The reader will by now have deduced, correctly, that birds do nothing of the kind. Only about a third of the lift comes from the pressure of air beneath the wings, and the true direction of the wing-beats is *forward* on the downbeat, up and *back* on the return. In other words, if there were any justice in nature, the creature would fly backwards. To examine the reasons *why* it flies in this ham-fisted manner would take us into the realms of laminar flow, viscosity, angle of attack, and other matters connected with the properties of air when a hole is made in it. All I want to stress at the moment is that the contrariness of air, together with the cunning with which birds conceal their mode of progression through it, bedevilled aeronautics for centuries. In the absence of slow-motion films, wind-tunnels and other conveniences, how on earth was man to discover what air did when it met a wing, or what a wing did when it met air?

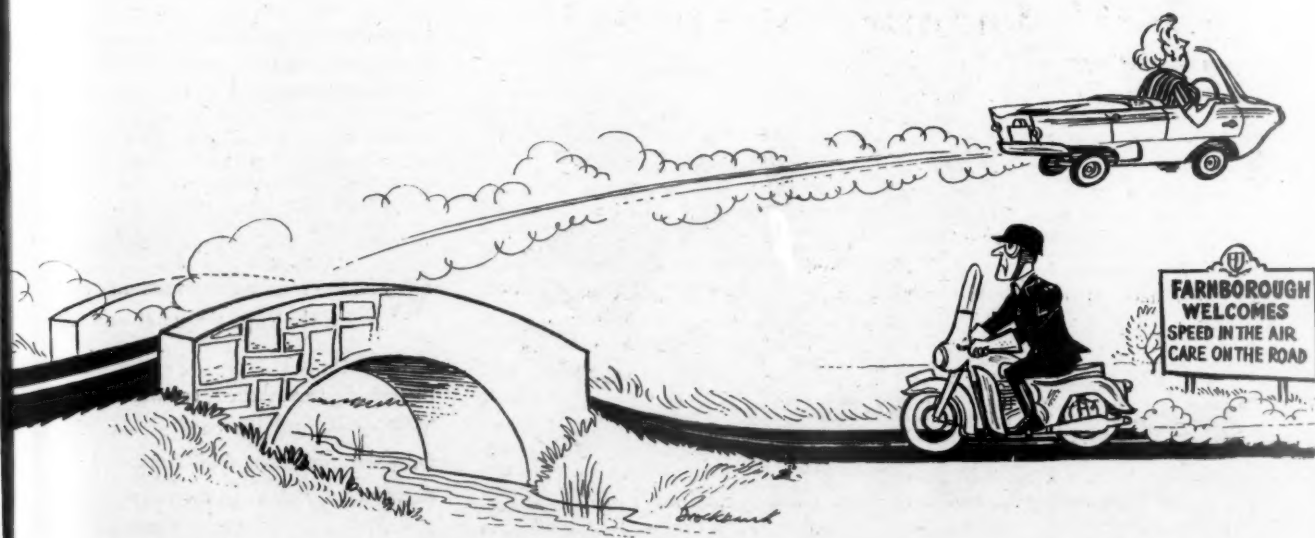
The result of this conspiracy to deceive entered into by birds and the air was a long, long train of attempts at

flapping-winged flight, a regular plague of ornithopters. After all, if you didn't understand what birds were doing, the best plan was to do the same and see if it worked. It didn't. Feathered wings in the Middle Ages; wings in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries made of cloth and paper and silk and "taffety," whatever that may be; wings flapped by hand or feet or both; wings worked by levers and cords, by pulleys and stirrups, by clock springs and rubber bands—such were the doomed devices for which the behaviour of birds was responsible. As late as 1871 the inventors were still at it. In that year a four-winged machine was designed, to be flapped by steam, and a little later the Russians (always first, in the end) brewed up an apparatus with five pairs of wings. In 1891 a monoplane model, driven by compressed air, flapped its wings for a distance of a hundred and twenty-eight feet.

But not everybody was flapping all this time. Fortunately there were men who watched birds when they were soaring and gliding as well as when they were beating their wings, and who realized that an inclined plane will stay flapless in the air provided it has some forward motion. By 1799 that great genius Sir George Cayley understood that the whole problem of heavier-than-air flight was "to make a surface support a given weight by the application of power to the resistance of the air." He knew about cambered surfaces to give lift, and dihedral to give lateral stability,

and a tailplane to give fore and aft control. For power he recommended propellers. Short of some details of equilibrium that only experience could bring, he had everything it takes to make a flying machine—except an engine. Steam was the only motive power available in his lifetime, and steam-engines are not at their best in the air.

If anyone doubted the ability of a fixed wing to lift weights, the remarkable sea Captain Jean Marie Le Bris set their minds at rest. On his voyages he studied the albatross, the bird of all others least given to flapping. He killed one, and held its wings into the breeze "and lo! in spite of me it drew forward into the wind; notwithstanding my resistance, it tended to rise." So he made an albatross of his own, with wings of wood and flannel, each twenty-three feet long, a movable tail, and a body in which he could stand. This contrivance he caused to be mounted in a cart and driven into the wind, with a rope to hold it down until take-off speed had been achieved. It worked. The helpers released the rope, and Le Bris rose triumphantly into the air. Not until he had gained an altitude of three hundred feet did he become aware that the driver of the cart, entangled in the dangling rope, had left his seat and accompanied him aloft. Both landed safely, which says a good deal for the captain's skill, albatross-wise. But the curious thing is that Le Bris never did so well again. "It so happened," says Miss Blanche Stillson, from whose



excellent book *Wings* I borrow this account, "that on that first occasion the weight of the dangling peasant provided the perfect automatic adjustment of the centre of gravity to the centre of support." Le Bris never realized this, and, even if he had, might not have been much better off. French peasants are a notoriously unco-operative lot.

Le Bris and his passenger made their ascent in 1856. Eight years earlier a lacemaker from Chard, called String-fellow, had flown a model steam-powered monoplane with two pusher airscrews a distance of 120 feet. All that remained now was to marry wings with the lifting power of Le Bris's to an airscrew driven by something a bit lighter

than a steam engine—and to learn rather more about the problems of equilibrium and control in that ludicrously deceptive element air. As it happened, fortunately perhaps, another fifty years had to pass before the petrol engine was available, and men like Otto Lilienthal spent the interval learning from gliders how to acquire stability in the viewless winds.

It is an odd fact that the birds, for all their deceptive flapping, did not really succeed in delaying the achievement of heavier-than-air flight by man. That had to wait for the petrol engine, and its arrival practically coincided with the construction of a stable, controllable air-frame. At the last, indeed, the birds

relented and revealed a vital secret. It was by watching turkey vultures that the Wright Brothers learned the necessity of adjustable wing tips.

It is odd, too, that though man could make no real progress in the air until he turned his back on the birds' apparent methods, he is now beginning to learn that birds in fact fly much as we do. Harald Penrose, in *I Flew With Birds*, describes what a swan's flight looks like from an aeroplane flying a thousand feet above it—when you see its movements in a horizontal plane, and are not deceived by all that vertical flapping:

"The root-portions of the wings gave the impression that they had little movement—were, in fact, like an aeroplane's wing—and that propulsion was derived from the stroking tip. . . . In phase with the beats was an in-drawing and extension of the wing laterally, due to the method of raising the articulated wing: first the tips were left depressed, whilst the wrist moved forward, and then they were lifted with a flicking and twisting motion, preparatory to the full extension on the down stroke."

And here is Miss Stillson again:

"Just as the blade of the airplane's propeller is fashioned with changing curvature, or pitch, from hub to tip, so that it may strike the air with equal force throughout its length, each primary feather in the bird's wing is twisted by the resistance it meets into a comparable mechanism with the same function. The rigid airplane blades move, of course, in a circle. The wing's path is an arc; and the primary feathers reverse their pitch at the end of each stroke. . . ."

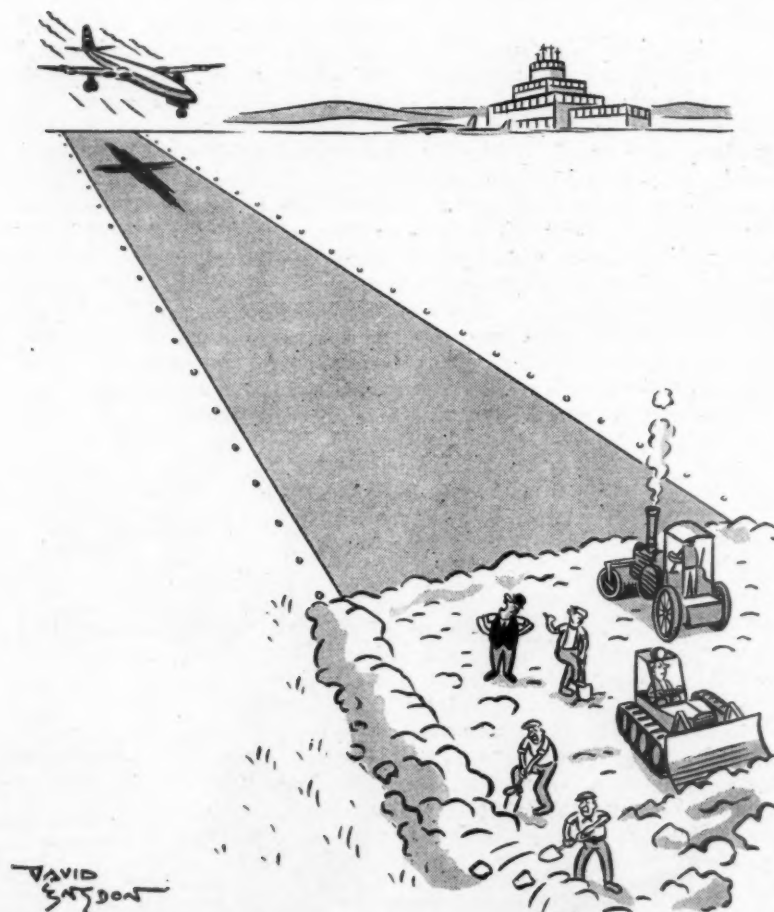
The main difference seems to be that birds set their propellers rather further outboard than we do. And, of course, their cheeks, so far as we know, do not wobble at trans-sonic speed.

Lines From A Leaking Summerhouse

WEEDS frizzle in the smoking rain;
Leaves cup, tip, spill and fill
again;

Flowers flop and flatten; earwigs drown;
Machine-gunned lily-pads go down.
Only the minnow and his frond
Are saved a soaking in the pond.

HAZEL TOWNSON



"Well, he'll jolly well have to go round again, that's all."



Toby Competitions

No. 32—In Which We Serve

ASSUMING that the three Services have been integrated, suggest a heraldic design and motto for the unified command. Descriptions only, in heraldic or near-heraldic terms, are required.

A prize consisting of a framed *Punch* original, to be selected from all available drawings, is offered for the best entry. **Runners-up, in future, will receive book tokens to the value of one guinea instead of bookmarks.** Entries (any number but each on a separate piece of paper and accompanied by a separate entry token, cut out from the bottom right-hand corner of this page) by first post on Friday, September 12, to TOBY COMPETITION, No. 32, *Punch*, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

Report on Competition No. 29

(Brains Trust)

Competitors were asked to join in a discussion of the question "Are Private Enterprise and Personal Profit inseparable?"—Professor Alfred having argued for vocation and Lady Hermione for profit. The level of entries at the upper end was fairly even and it was not too easy to pick the winner. Many competitors wrinkled their brows and tried very hard to get their answers logical. Fewer tried to make them not only logical but entertaining and those who did tended to fall with a bump into facetiousness. Runners-up included a husband and wife. An unplaced entry was written all over a printed card advertising an encyclopaedia. There was very little political snarling on either side of the fence. Somebody or other analysed the meaning of every word in the question but "Are."

The winner of the framed *Punch* original is:

E. M. WAGNER
5 FERNCROFT AVENUE
LONDON, N.W. 3

"A certain number of people in any community are impelled by the high motives of interest in their work, service to humanity, etc. In a fairly enlightened community like ours, a few per cent respond to these incentives.

Human nature being what it is, some other incentive is needed for the majority, and financial gain is the most widely applicable and least harmful yet devised.

The alternatives are 'lust for power,' 'desire for personal privilege' or 'fear of imprisonment, torture or death.'

Compared to these, I infinitely prefer a society in which the profit motive is the main incentive."

Among the runners-up were:

"Generalized questions always provoke reach-me-down answers. Surely enterprise varies in quality and degree and is so dependent on combinations of human attributes and particular conditions that at some point for some men it and the personal profit incentive must separate. Readiness to risk snap decisions, intelligent long-sight, luck, imagination, genius to relate hitherto unconnected facts, slogging selfless work, operation of Parkinson's Law, the right job, right training, useful contacts are among the factors that can make innumerable combinations, each allowing varied motives for enterprising efforts. But: dare such efforts fail? Or is enterprise enterprise only if it succeeds?"

—L. J. Hughes, 23 Cherry Garden Lane, Folkestone

"I cannot agree entirely with Professor Alfred. The type of professional people mentioned by him are not uninterested in personal profit. Scientists are associated with patents, musicians and authors with royalties and surgeons with high fees.

On the other hand, in spite of the taxes, rates, duties and—the kinder word—'insurances' that take large bites out of personal profits, men continue to be enterprising. So enterprise is not motivated entirely by profit seeking. It is an urge.

Enterprise and personal profit are as separable as the chicken and the egg. But, which comes first—for each produces the other?—Mrs. Marjorie H. Hughes, 23 Cherry Garden Lane, Folkestone

"Unfortunately, Lady Hermione is right. For most people the only really effective incentive is money, and monetary gain has become the dominating standard of value. Lady Hermione herself would seem to prefer a public mischief run at a profit to a public service run at a loss.

But—as Professor Alfred says—there are people for whom a sense of vocation is sufficient incentive, and so the proposition is false. What we need is an incentive that will stimulate all men to action, without the pursuit of material well-being becoming the be-all and end-all of existence."—F. H. E. Townshend-Rose, 111 Thornbury Road, Osterley.

"While Alfred and Hermione were speaking I was trying, without success, to recall any enterprising party in my own experience who ever wished to be separated from personal profit.

Apart from those who seek to exploit their success financially, there are those who pursue what one might term the nobler enterprises. These latter, one finds, are invariably followed by a somewhat pricey book, to which may be added newspaper articles and television appearances.

In the same way that it is impossible for an ill-wind to blow nobody any good, one is equally unable to separate enterprise and personal gain."—Vincent Firth, Hamilton Ward, Royal National Hospital, Ventnor, I.O.W.

Subscriptions

If you wish to have *Punch* sent to your home each week, send £2 16s. 0d.* to the Publisher, *Punch*, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

*For overseas rates see page 324.

All the Fun of the Festival

By CHARLES REID

EDINBURGH

SOME go to the Festival by air, looking down when half-way there on a dark peg which is Blackpool Tower and a turquoise which is the South Shore swimming pool. Others make it by steamer from Milford Haven or Étaples, Brest or Barrow-in-Furness.

These latter come ashore at Leith while crates of talking dolls and chromed claymores are swinging up and out of the hold. The boys have thin holiday beards, hair like knitted skull-caps,

post-Existentialist trousers and rucksacks with Malaparte's *Kaputt*, Professor Burndep's *Social Logistics* and Father Houyhnhnm's *Pastoral Slum Theology* in the outer pouches. Dressed much the same, the girls are identified by their braided blonde hair and eyes of cornflower blue which, speaking for myself, when viewed near the Scott Memorial (say) at 8 a.m., leave me doped and dreamy for the rest of the day.

This is the generation that has given Sartre the slip, the Post-Ex Generation,

let us call them. I try to look at Edinburgh through their eyes.

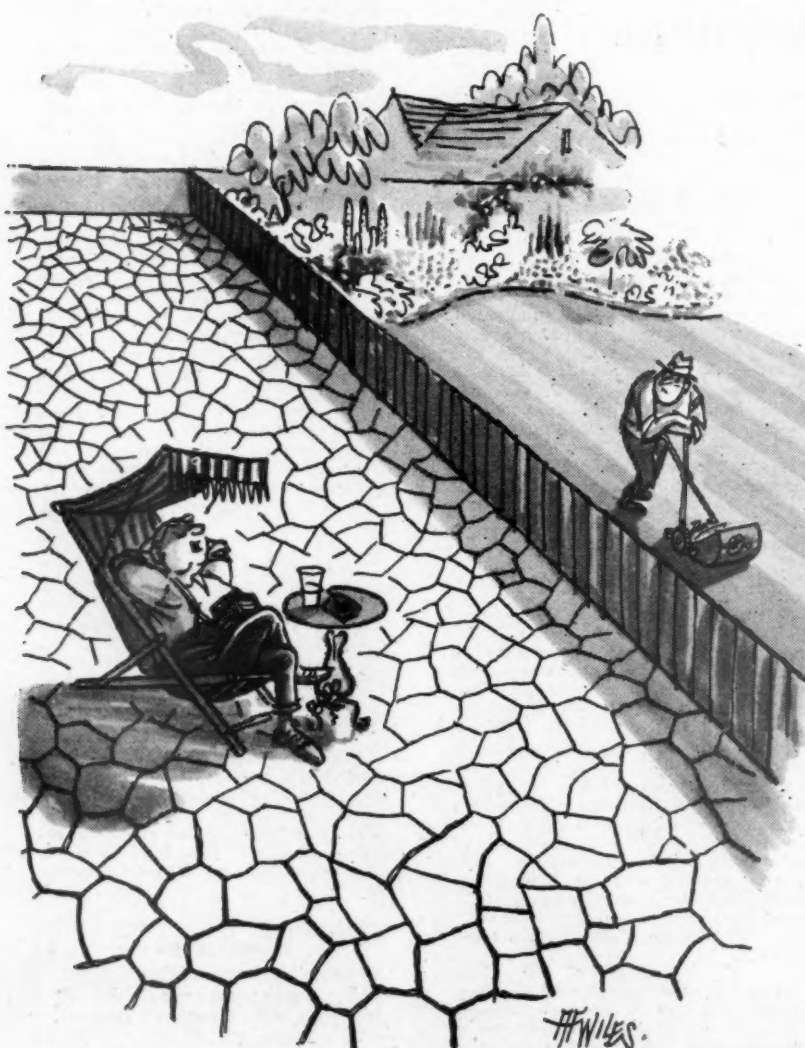
Before us, as we stand on the North Bridge, rise the Castle and its Rock, a brown molar embedded in gums of smirched green. Round the corner now and up the High Street. Steeplejacks have lassooed and bridled the top gilt of St. John's cloud-capped spire, which was struck by lightning a month ago; they crawl and swarm terrifyingly on frail ladders and crazy platforms to repair the act of God. From the bagpipes shop below, extant since 1827, comes the squeal of a chanter. We peek through the dusty window. Pipes are being played by a boy behind the counter. Sunlight the colour of saffron and two naked electric bulbs shine on harps, brass-shelled drums, tusks of ivory.

Next, the Camera Obscura. The stairs up to the viewing loft are clean and bare and smell of baking potatoes. The viewing room is night-black, with two blue lights behind armoured glass.

There it lies, complete and entire, on the beechwood viewing table, this Royal Burgh and City of Edinburgh. As the man works the periscope handle the Burgh revolves under our noses, segment by segment. Shoppers drift, halt and hasten along Princes Street. A hump of Forth Bridge shows behind a tree-crested hill. A paddle steamer gleams faintly off Portobello. In the shadow of the Scottish Academy a girl in high heels and smart tangerine suit dispenses evangelism from a van like a coffee-stall. Smoke slants from myriad chimneys, seagulls flap tranquilly by, a man in a kilt steps back in the nick of time from the front wheels of a motor-coach on the corner of North Bridge and the Royal Mile.

But what, suddenly, is this, who are these on the cobblestones outside St. Giles's?

Six gentlemen slow-march downhill with stern faces, silk hats, morning coats, white gloves and spiral silver truncheons. Can they be the spearhead of the State procession on its way back to City Chambers after inaugural prayers and music in the cathedral? But yes. See the Mace and Sword, the



"Mind you, it was hard work to begin with."

cocked, tricorne and mediaeval hats (a whole flower bed of them) and the ermine capes and the scarlet, brown and puce robes (striped morning trousers underneath) which grandly and majestically march behind.

We are down the Observatory steps in a streak. Tagging along behind the procession's final squad—composed of High Constables and foursomes from the Scottish Actuaries and the Scottish Chartered Accountants—we gate-crash up three flights of steps into an official tea party full of imported mayors or their rough equivalents.

"Why," we ask Zygmunt Dworakowski, President of the Warsaw City Council, "do you wear a chain of office in brass and steel?"

"But it is *not* in brass and steel," says Mr. Dworakowski. "It is in gold and silver."

"Then why is it *made* to look like brass and steel?"

The problem, we gather, has puzzled Mr. Dworakowski himself a good deal. It wakens him up in the middle of the night.

"Can you account for it?" we asked, turning to Dmitri Popov, Chairman of the People's Council of Sofia. Mr. Popov, a wavy-haired athlete of forty, turns out his palms hopelessly and shrugs his shoulders so high that it takes him a good ten minutes to get them down again.

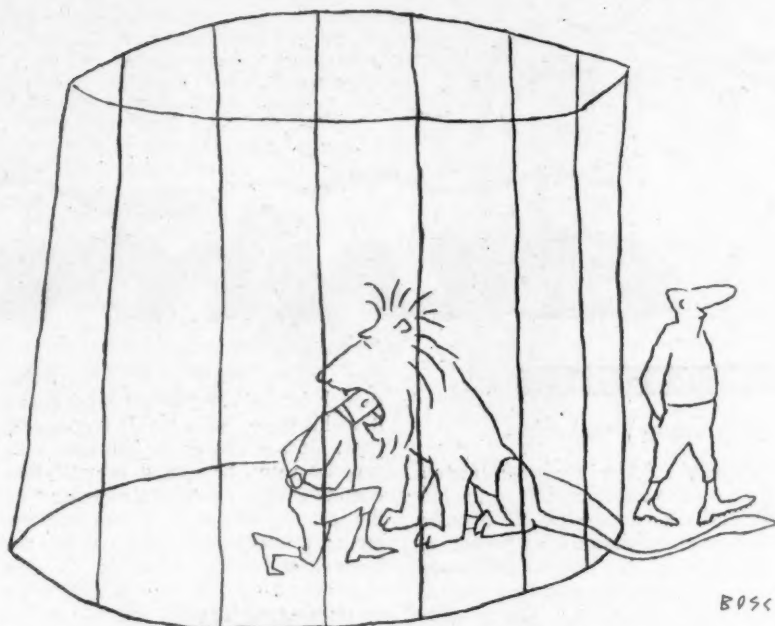
"You will notice," interposes Jovan Jankovic, Vice-President of the People's Committee of Belgrade, "that myself I don't wear a chain at all."

"Why so self-effacing?"

"Because," says Mr. Jankovic, not intending (we think) to be taken seriously, "if I wore a chain of office citizens would spot me in the street and would shake their fists, saying 'Why don't you build us more flats?' or 'Why is electricity so dear?'"

Somebody else—it may have been the Lord Mayor of Prague or the Burgomaster of Reykjavik—observed: "Mr. Jankovic is an exception. Man was born free, but look around you—everywhere he is in chains. Mayors of the world, unite! Your chains are all you have to lose."

Three nights later we attended the German Ambassador's party for the *Euryanthe* singers from Stuttgart. We are too busy being furious about the Moltzau Collection, visual *clou* of this



year's Festival, to pay proper attention to the champagne and breast of chicken. Our hearers form a respectful circle. They comprise Klemperer, Ansermet, Sir Compton Mackenzie, Inge Borkh, Wilma Lipp, Art Director Davy Baxandall, a threat of Procurators-Fiscal, a scrawl of Writers to H.M. Signet and young Mr. Rasoumovsky, from Germany, a descendant, no less, of that Count Rasoumovsky to whom Beethoven dedicated the string quartets.

We say:

"Renoir? We have seen nudes in the same vein but better painted (of course) on porcelain washbowls offered as prizes on *houp-la* stalls.

"Cézanne? One of his *Bathing Women* has a splintered, suppurating left leg. Her friends couldn't care less. Another has a forty-five year old body on ten-year-old shins. Social observation here, right enough. Rickets produced by factory labour in infancy, clearly. But is it, as our fathers used to insist it was, *beautiful*?

"Picasso? *Seated Woman 1953* is a lesson in what the human face looks like when run over by a tractor-plough and left out on the window sill to bleach. It is a lesson that doesn't interest us in the least. *Woman Seated 1921* has plethoric tendencies, a splendid full-bottomed wig, blood pressure that's nobody's business (not even her dietician's, we regret to observe), eyes that

betray an advanced persecution fix and elephantoid hands which, if there were any common sense or humanity around, would be lifted at once by block and tackle to prevent the poor woman crushing her own knee caps.

"Yes, we know our fathers made much of these monstrosities. Why? Because they were dotty. Fathers always *are* dotty. We, too, shall be dotty in our turn. Meantime we take our shoes off daily, put on our prayer jackets and enter the Scottish National Gallery, only three minutes away from the Moltzau. There we see Titian: flesh made satin, satin made flesh. And Goya: a blue sky and a red cloak that are as precious as bread. And Velasquez: an old woman who, as well as being an old woman, is a living oak tree . . ."

At this point we were knocked over the head.

This is written from an oubliette deep in the Rock. We are to be ceremonially garrotted upstairs as an extra Tattoo treat on the Festival's closing night.

We retract nothing.

"The ennobled and the titled do not necessarily have a soft time in films. Lady St. Just—actress Maria Britneva—plays a maid in *The Scapegoat*. She is described as an imbecile by another member of the cast. Prince Wonny Hohenlohe made his film debut by doing a 100-ft. dive from a ship's mast into the sea . . ."—*Evening Standard*

How was he described?



BOOKING OFFICE

Samuel and Sam

TO-DAY *The Pickwick Papers* seems to appeal mainly to the old and the young—the old because it has been one of their earliest pleasures, coming a little after *Alice* and *Treasure Island*, the young because they admire energy and compassion. The middle-aged tend to find it invertebrate and over-jolly, interesting only in relation to the great novels of Dickens's maturity. *Pickwick* can be looked at in a number of ways, for instance as a study of the Christian duty to know evil, that is, of Mr. Pickwick's tragic education: as a comparison, in the Roman style, of the purity of the agricultural past with the impurity of the urban present: and as a savage attack on the corruption of the legal administration, not so much by bribery as by acceptance of depersonalization. It can also be looked at as a sustained attempt to be funny, which is how its original public saw it.

The sales of the monthly parts started slowly. It was Sam Weller who made them rocket. Dickens's first shot at the kind of comic monologist he wanted was Jingle, whose vivacity could set off the pompous ass Pickwick; but Pickwick could carry only a chapter or two as a butt. Make Jingle an amusing bad man and Pickwick a straight good one and you had the makings of a plot. Make Jingle eventually reformed by Pickwick's magnanimity and you had a novel. Because Pickwick's decency could be contrasted with the legal system you had a satirical or, at any rate, propaganda novel. You did not have a humorous one.

Mr. Pickwick's preposterously sudden engagement of Sam is the only evidence of the shrewdness which had made that mysterious fortune in the City. Master and man are carefully contrasted opposites. Sam is young and active; Pickwick is old and staid. Sam is knowing and his master is innocent.

Sam knows poverty at first hand, though he probably has not experienced it, as his father has a highly respectable post; Mr. Pickwick is shocked with surprise when he is first brought into contact with it. Sam is always at ease; the formal Pickwick is wistful over his servant's informality. One can see the beginnings of the Victorian middle-class dream—if only we could eat tripe on Hampstead Heath or live on oatmeal in a cottage or enjoy vulgar songs in pubs or tread grapes with our feet! Above all, Sam is articulate; Pickwick is a dull talker, when he says anything at all. His words are courteous and correct but also characterless and colourless, while Sam has the inventive loquacity that Cockneys were noted for until the Irish snatched the palm from them.

Sam's monologues combine several kinds of humorous writing. There is

comparatively little linguistic grotesquerie; he is affectionately irritated by his father's malapropisms. There is not much comic metaphor; he is not one of the great phrase-making comic characters. He astonishes and interests the middle-class Pickwickians with information about the town they live in and his observation is both precise and exaggerated. One can imagine the contemporary reader's feeling, "Yes, it is just like that." He is insulting to pompous characters in a street-arab kind of way. The bulk of his material is reported incident, with hardly any lead-in except an occasional pun. It is similar to modern patter—A funny thing happened to me coming to the theatre to-night or I must tell you about my wife's brother-in-law—though personal knowledge is less often claimed. The nearest analogue in modern fiction is in the Welsh novels of Gwyn Thomas, though Sam Weller's gossip about improbable characters and incidents is much less decorated with imagery and he is not derisive about the society which produces them. He accepts the world as it is far more than Gwyn Thomas and, indeed, far more than Pickwick himself. We can no longer enjoy the accuracy of the dialect humour; its apparently life-like cadences are now inaudible. On the whole his humour has faded, though not his interest: His patter is as crammed with oddments of social history as Pepys's Diary and he creates an atmosphere of gaiety, like Squire Wardle.

The things described directly by Dickens are generally funnier than the things described indirectly by Sam Weller. The humour is also much sharper. Take, for example, the subtlety and savagery in the picture of Mr. Perker's clerk Lowten. The law firm is on Pickwick's side, the good side, and it is contrasted with the pettifogging attorneys Dodson and Fogg. Yet Lowten in his treatment of the bankrupt Watty and in the vulgarity of his amusements at the "Magpie and Stump" is a very poor creature, corrupted by the

NOVEL FACES



XXXII—IRIS MURDOCH

*In dives and coffee bars Miss Murdoch peers,
Sometimes with hopes, more often still with fears.*

administration of justice. In a way he looks forward to Lupin Pooter; but Dickens cared, as the Grossmiths did not, for the clients who suffered through him.

Some of the humour the first readers found in the novel we should regard rather as gaiety. The Dingley Dell scenes are nearly as overpoweringly euphuistic as Mr. H. E. Bates's *The Darling Buds of May*. The food and the drink, like the coaching and the inns, is not simply a contrast to *The Fleet*. It provides a foundation of light-heartedness on which passages of humorous observation or invention can be built. Like Mr. Wodehouse, Dickens makes his background gay instead of grim, so that his farcical highspots are culminations instead of contrasts. R. G. G. PRICE

The Angler's Companion. Bernard Venables. *Allen and Unwin*, 52/6

"There appears to be no point of saturation," says Mr. Venables in his preface, "no final stage when the last word has been written upon angling and the sated reader can wish no more." Very likely. Still, he has had a go at writing the last word; and extremely well equipped he is to do it. Two pages and a drawing he allots to every fishable river fish, both coarse and genteel, from barbel to trout. Then he does ditto for the principal coarse, trout, salmon and sea-trout waters of Britain. Next he deals with rods and reels and spoons and minnows and gentles and shrimps and paste and pieces of macaroni, and after that he tackles (aided by innumerable colour lithographs) plug baits as variously named as the Heddon Darting Zara Spook and the Pflueger Pippin, and upwards of a hundred enchanting trout and salmon flies. There are excellent instructional chapters on bottom fishing, spinning and fly-fishing. The author has himself illustrated and in every detail designed this handsome book, and done it exceedingly well. H. F. E.

Bonfire. Nicolette Devas. *Chatto and Windus*, 15/-

The Victorians thought that there were two concurrent worlds, the drawing-room world and the nursery world, and seldom the twain should meet, which is probably why—with honourable exceptions—few of them remembered what childhood was like. To-day when the young are but an astonishingly clever race of pygmies running around among grown-up legs we may know them better; certainly Mrs. Devas in this first novel shows that she does. Her images of older people may waver, her children stand fast with the assurance of life, with minds scarcely scribbled on yet by experience. A new grown-up person can score such minds very deeply; the Ollier children find their mother's exciting friend Vera complicated, selfish, entirely amoral, a devastating experience. Their mother, healthy in body and mind, their

over-sensitive father whom she protects, have not introduced them to wickedness, but its emanations reach them. In the grown up world Vera becomes their father's mistress, in the children's she is recognized as a witch, and because of that this vividly imagined, entertaining novel becomes a tragedy in its last pages. B. E. S.

A Pride of Relations. Richard Charles. *Macmillan*, 10/6

In the fashion with a comic family survey, Mr. Charles leaves us slightly doubtful of its authenticity. Admittedly it is carefully circumstantial, and his affection for his more amusing ancestors has a genuine ring; but some of their wilder adventures, such as Great-uncle Justly's Rolls being picked up by its sunshine roof on a mobile crane and dragged for five miles, provoke suspicion. His approach to the ripe eccentricity of his forbears is not unlike that of Geoffrey Willans in *My Uncle Harry*, but there credibility was just maintained.

Base doubts aside, however, Mr. Charles's portrait gallery is entertaining and his command of phrase admirable. The disastrous marriage of Great-aunt Jess (who saved doctors' bills by sending her butler to reproduce her symptoms in the village surgery) brings the comment that fifty years earlier her abductor would have been hung for sheep-stealing. From this lively Wiltshire scene Great-Uncle Justly stands out, surviving a tempestuous existence for one hundred and one years. E. O. D. K.

Claybook for James Joyce. Louis Gillet. *Abelard-Schuman*, 16/-

An interesting account of the literary friendship between James Joyce and the French Academician, Louis Gillet. Gillet, a literary conservative, was at first opposed to Joyce's work, but came in due course to admire it greatly. This French slant on Joyce brings out some new points that are worth attention. The word "claybook" is intended as a play on words in the Joyce manner: a key-book and a memorial to Joyce's mortal clay. The book is translated by Georges Markow-Totevy and contains a preface by Leon Edel. André Gide's article on Joyce, also included, is a trifle disappointing. A. P.

The Mountain is Young. Han Suyin. *Cape*, 18/-

Her publishers tell us that in 1956 Han Suyin was invited to attend the coronation of the King of Nepal in his Himalayan kingdom known as "The Land of the Gods." For the purpose of her novel she sends a western woman and her husband to Khatmandu, and describes how thoroughly a woman from the West and a man of the East can mix after meeting. What industry and powers of research she has shown, and what folly in squandering so many pages in minute descriptions of lust-scenes, plus details of the human body, that might



"Well, he's always wanted to work in a bank, but now, suddenly, he's decided he wants to be a customer."

have been written by an ambitious schoolboy. The heroine Anne is frigid to her husband but melts to the charms of Unni—"a reincarnation of the Lord Krishna." The ceremonies of the coronation provide colour, humour, and eroticism enough to give rare background for a powerful novel, and Han Suyin has dealt magnificently with the background. The trouble is that she gives her readers so little rest from sex that there is risk of them being bored to nausea. B. E. B.

The Devil's Cross. Walter O'Meara. *Hodder and Stoughton*, 15/-

The Children's Crusade of 1212 was a queer episode, without either a beginning or an end; no one has ever cleared up the problem of who was behind it, or of what happened to the young Crusaders. But if a girl who was heir to a rich Rhineland barony ran off to join the march obviously her father would send a knight to fetch her back while her cousins, the next heirs, would put obstacles in his way. On this framework Walter O'Meara has constructed an exciting thriller. He knows how knights fought and, even more important, how they thought; he can show us feudalism and the boisterous turmoil of the Italian city-states. Perhaps he is not quite so successful with the clergy; Professor Knowles would find it hard to fit Dom Michael, the vagabond Benedictine, into the right pigeonhole. But this is a fine tale of adventure, and all the better because while reading of cops and robbers you will learn accurate and interesting details of everyday life in the thirteenth century. A. L. D.

AT THE PLAY

EDINBURGH FESTIVAL

The Elder Statesman
(LYCEUM)

Weir of Hermiston
(GATEWAY THEATRE)

The Adam Comedy
(EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY THEATRE)

CELIA COPLESTONE, condemned by an earlier and more avenging Mr. Eliot to be eaten by ants, might well be outraged at the benignity into which he has emerged. The central character in *The Elder Statesman* dies happily, his mind at rest, and the play ends with a paean to young love. The better-educated at the Edinburgh Festival are saying that once again Mr. Eliot has gone back to the Greeks, this time to the *Oedipus at Colonus* of Sophocles; certainly his third act, most of it, has a classic shape.

No scrambling after hidden meanings here. *The Elder Statesman* is explicitly a study in conscience, in the beneficent effects of contrition and confession, carrying a rider that the test of love is honesty. It is not until the third act that Mr. Eliot takes us fully into his confidence; up to the second curtain we are left wondering what philosophic rabbit he is going to pull out of a distinctly old-fashioned hat. Out of what seems, indeed, an early Edwardian comedy, of a sick peer who hates humanity and is constantly bothered by it—by a ne'er-

do-well son, and, more gravely, by two figures returning from his youth to

remind him of its ruthlessness. The shadows of this sinister millionaire from Central America and this faded revue star have preyed on him all his life, and now, at last retired with trumpetings of respect from politics and the City, he is a sad and lonely and I am afraid rather dull man. Two of the three youthful sins with which Mr. Eliot afflicts Lord Claverton seem curiously chosen. One could not easily be forgotten, but I should have thought the other two would have been only very small warts on the conscience of most ageing politicians.

So far the play is awkwardly stiffened by Mr. Eliot's heightened prose, which I dare say will be printed as verse. I cannot see how realistic comedy is helped by making people talk out of character: Would the Chairman of I.C.I. or the Chancellor of the Exchequer, for instance, on seeing two malicious intruders bearing down on him in a garden, say "Meanwhile, I suspect them of some conjoint design"? Or would a whisky-sodden crook from the deep pampas murmur "It's been an elixir to see you again"? This extraordinary form of dialogue is too strange when applied to common usage. Inevitably it affects the naturalness of the acting, and it certainly brings a stilted unreality to the love-scenes between Lord Claverton's daughter and her already starched fiancé.

But when, in the third act, Lord Claverton makes his confession, all the exquisite precision of language which Mr. Eliot commands as an essayist gives



[Weir of Hermiston]

Weir of Hermiston—TOM FLEMING



[The Elder Statesman]

Lord Claverton—PAUL ROGERS

Frederico Gomez—WILLIAM SQUIRE

us a scene which is among the best he has written. It is suddenly and urgently dramatic, and moving as well. Near death and haunted by his ghosts, Lord Claverton knows that his whole life has been a sham, and finds comfort at last in the discovery that his devoted daughter loves him all the better for being human.

These passages are very finely handled by Paul Rogers, who has earlier had a thin time as an acid invalid, though even that he carries with authority. It is only accidentally, one hopes, that he is made to resemble a sadly dyspeptic edition of Mr. Macmillan. As the daughter Anna Massey speaks beautifully, but often appears a trifle bewildered by what she is saying. Only one of the intruders is credible, Eileen Peel's coy middle-aged actress, tough as old boots; a character sketch that makes one wish Miss Peel was seen more often. The millionaire, reeking of his fabulous financial jungle, is almost a satire on Victorian melodrama. William Squire's performance is right outside the conventions of the play, but so funny that we are grateful for it. Alec McCowen is good as the brow-beaten son in whom his father sees a frightening reflection of his own youth, and Richard Gale, saddled with the paradox of a sentimental barrister who makes love, as we used to say in my nursery, like a poetry-book, fights on gamely.

For me the play ended, and ended well, with Lord Claverton's death. The lyric note of inhibited romance came only as an anti-climax. No doubt Mr. Martin Browne's production was as his author wished it. The big scene is perfect; elsewhere more speed and more ease of manner are needed to brave the difficulties of the dialogue.

The fascination of Robert Louis Stevenson's magnificent fragment, *Weir of Hermiston*, lies in the rich detail with which each character is drawn. The attraction and the impossibility of adapting it for the stage are equally clear. R. J. B. Sellar has made a good shot, keeping reasonable faith with the author's known intentions, but the necessary compression has diluted the story to something much nearer a costume melodrama. The father and son relationship (described in the novel as brilliantly as in Edmund Gosse) survives best. The

PUNCH IN THE THEATRE

A light-hearted historical record of the theatre over the past one hundred and seventeen years in the form of *Punch* drawings and caricatures is on exhibition at the Birmingham Repertory Theatre, the Belgrade Theatre, Coventry, and the Playhouse, Derby. The exhibition will tour the country, staying for one month at most of the principal repertory theatres. In London an exhibition of original theatre drawings from *Punch* is on display at the Saville Theatre.



Jim Douglas—GREGORY PECK

[The Bravados

coarseness and integrity and pathos of the terrible old judge are there, and admirably blended by Tom Fleming; from Frank Wylie we get a fair idea of Archie's spirit and weakness. Kirstie, the volcanic housekeeper, is also very nearly herself, in Lennox Milne. All that is an achievement, but after a strong first act this doomed but gallant attempt declines into a play of action, on a much lower level. Mr. Sellar is not to be greatly blamed, and certainly not the Gateway Company, stout performers on their home pitch.

The Edinburgh University Dramatic Society is to be seen in an amusing production of *Adam the Creator* (which it calls *The Adam Comedy*), done more farcically than the Capek brothers probably intended, but still a shrewd satire on a mad world. Alistair Walker and Ian Ewen particularly shine.

ERIC KEOWN

AT THE PICTURES

The Bravados
Imitation General
Quiet Flows the Don

OF this week's three not one aroused in me very strong feelings either for or against, but perhaps the Western has most good points as a film: *The Bravados* (Director: Henry King). Nevertheless I think they are small points. The central character (Gregory Peck) is a man obsessed by a craving for revenge, which is hardly an endearing quality, though we get the impression that we are expected to condone it

because of the fearful provocation. He spends most of the picture scowling and making grim remarks in a grating tone, each one usually after a long pause. We see him first when he arrives at a little Spanish-American town to gloat over the hanging of four bandits who were, he believes, responsible for the rape and killing of his wife. They escape, and he follows and savagely sets about wiping them out himself, one by one. After a time, doubts arise: were they the guilty men after all?

It is not exactly a pretty theme; and it seems like an evasion of a dramatic problem to make the conclusion of a story of this kind—a story of *this* kind, an action story—depend on the hero's being comforted, at last, by a priest. Fade-out on his being followed into the local church by the feminine lead—hardly to be described as the heroine, in effect a very minor character—who has been gently advising him to seek peace of mind there.

The good points are details, and scenic impressiveness, and more or less isolated flashes of action and suspense and character. I say "scenic impressiveness" and not "visual beauty" because in this instance the magnificent mountain scenery seemed to affect me as the real thing might, not as a beautiful picture. I'm sure I have known films with lovelier colour, and scenes I took more pleasure in simply looking at, but the feeling of actual place here is strong. There are small-scale effects of a similar kind—for instance the few moments when a girl is seen running through the deserted streets of the little town at night, when nearly everybody else is in church. This

is a matter of conveying what can only be called atmosphere, which is worth doing and very satisfying when successful, but essentially subsidiary to the main business of such a picture. Others have found this strikingly good as a whole; I simply record the fact that I wasn't deeply stirred by it.

Imitation General (Director: George Marshall) is a U.S. army story set, as so many of them seem to be these days, in France in 1944. It is not very distinguished, but entertaining enough in its way; the trouble is that it suffers from divided aims. There are moments of near-farce, but it can never work up to the extreme hilarity of such pieces as *Operation Mad Ball* because it tries at intervals to make quite serious points. The basis of it is that the sight of a general taking his chance in the firing-line has such a tonic effect on the ordinary G.I. that a resourceful sergeant (Glenn Ford), by posing as a general, turns the tide of his fragment of the war. Comic complications are introduced by way of an unfriendly ex-sergeant he has before had trouble with, and some good lines come from his cynical corporal (Red Buttons). But the thing is an unsatisfactory mixture: the mood is wrong. A farce must not remind you of the reality of death, and a front-line war story, though it can include scenes of frantic, escapist comedy, must not be farcical.

Quiet Flows the Don (Director: Sergei Gerasimov), "after" Mikhail Sholokhov's novel, is often attractive to look at (Sovcolour, many scenes oddly like animated Victorian genre pictures), but the style, not to mention some eccentric titling, tends to make one regard it with detachment, almost as a curiosity. Any average-length film of one of these "epic" Russian novels can be no more than a succession of brief episodes, which means that the "epic" feeling, the sense of the passage of time, can never properly be conveyed; and yet one gets the impression that every shot, not merely every episode, is held just a bit longer than it need be. I think it's the old Russian trouble of persistently aiming at the most simple-minded audience; to the rest of us, everything seems too much rubbed in, over-emphasized. In my opinion there are a good many more of us than the Russians—and plenty of film-makers elsewhere—believe.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

As I leave on holiday, there's not much to recommend in London. Fellini's touching, funny *Cabiria* (16/4/58) has reappeared, but there's always the risk of being in an audience of people attracted by the advertisements that add "Her Nights, Her Men" to the title. Otherwise—again, apart from *Around the World in Eighty Days* (17/7/57), there's only *Ice Cold in Alex* (9/7/58).

Some people thought well of *Indiscreet* (27/8/58), but it was too like a dated, empty stage comedy for me.

Releases include *A Cry from the Streets* (20/8/58), a simple pleasantly-done little piece about "deprived children," and *The Golden Age of Comedy* (30/7/58), with many of the old clowns—often funny, marred by a facetious commentary.

RICHARD MALLETT

ON THE AIR

About Plays

NOT long ago there was a television production of *Arsenic and Old Lace* which demonstrated a number of faults in television drama that have worried me for some time.

There was, to begin with, the casting of a famous television comic in one of the leading parts. Frankish whims of this kind seem to be catching on, and they are unwise. However brilliant such performers may be, it must be remembered that they are known and appreciated for their easily identifiable techniques of clowning, as individual acts; and the temptation to rely on these techniques (thereby rocking the boat) when playing a character in a funny play must be hard to resist—especially a character like the dramatic critic in *Arsenic and Old Lace*. This part is not nearly so surefire as it looks on paper, for it consists largely of tricky "double-takes" while the other characters sail along with good solid laugh lines.

Next, more serious because a regular practice, and apparently inevitable, the question of cutting. A stage play is usually planned to run for about two hours, not counting intervals. If it is well-made—and most of the stage plays

chosen for TV presentation have stood at least the test of a West End run—then it will certainly be spoiled if chunks amounting to half or three-quarters of an hour's playing time are to be removed from it. However skilfully the cutting is done, weaknesses must result—weaknesses in dramatic shape and balance, in depth of characterization, in plausibility, and even sometimes in comprehensibility.

Another point. The use of a studio audience may help the actors with their timing in a comedy, but it also encourages them to deafen us by using stage voice-projection.

Again, a more fundamental fault—in my opinion the most serious fault of all. A playwright writing for the stage deliberately composes his scenes to be played in a theatre: he knows the effects that can be achieved through the particular magic that exists in a theatre. He contrives his dramatic excitements, whether farcical or tragic, by arranging to have his characters move and speak within the framework of a stage setting. He bears always in mind the uncanny assistance he will get from the proscenium arch, from the darkened space between the footlights and the hushed, expectant audience. He does not plan to have his characters singled out and brought within kissing distance of the man in the gallery. In *Arsenic and Old Lace*, for instance, both the creepy atmosphere and the comedy situations depend to a very great extent on our being able to see all that shadow-haunted room throughout the action. The essential props which support the whole outrageous train of events must always be there in our view: the front door, the chest, the window, the staircase, the cellar-door, and so on. They are almost as important as the characters themselves; they add constantly to our apprehension, our terror, our amusement: they are a part of the play, and they have been so ever since the playwright began to work out the fantasy for us in his mind. But this won't do for television: the cameras must restlessly chase the characters at close quarters all over the set, one or two at a time, so that what might be called the theatrical composition is destroyed. Now, if he had been writing for television the playwright would have used a different method. He would have achieved his effects by close-ups, by duologues, by changes of setting, by meaning looks, by short sequences. He would have relied less on dialogue and more on scenes of purely visual significance. In short, he would probably have written a different play altogether.

There lies the remedy, of course: more good plays must be written for television. And I'm sure they will be. Let us hope that the Granada play competition will produce a handful of masterpieces, and so put fresh life into what seems at present to be a pretty wobbly art.

HENRY TURTON





A Few Well-Chosen Words

By LESLIE MARSH

Sneak preview of the Ximenes Dinner in London on September 5 for solvers of the "Observer's" tortuous crossword puzzle.

IT was quite a nice meal, from the far from clear opus (*Minestrone?*) to the final balloon of dry ban?—not in order on this festive occasion, and most of the fellow-guests were congenial. As I remarked to the girl on my right, "A very decent jingbang." "Certainly," she agreed, "a very pleasant company, collection, or lot," adding roguishly, "though I'm surprised to hear you talking slang, especially when the origin is unknown."

The man on my left had a reservation. "Bit stuffy in here," he complained. "On a warm night like this I should have liked a hupaithric, or, if you prefer it, hypaethral (q.v.) affair—much jollier to be roofless, open to the sky."

"What was that delicious fish we had?" asked the girl; I thought she seemed anxious to avoid a jarring note. But the hard-to-please man was down on that too. "Just one of the malacopterygii," he sneered, "only a soft-finned sub-order of the bony fishes, herring, salmon, etc."

No sooner had we heard the toast-master intoning "*Ten leg-men (anag.)* you may smoke" than the carping critic was at it again. "I doubt if that wine waiter knows his job; he can't seem to make up his mind whether he's serving us widdershins (or withershins), or deasil, deasoil, deis(h)ual, or deasiul, or, to cut a long story short, sunwise."

While he went on booming away to a man across the table I muttered to the girl "Real wet blanket, isn't he?"

Spoiled as a child, I shouldn't wonder. A wallydraigle if ever I saw one—I'll bet he was the youngest of his family."

"Stop that confounded whittie-whattie," snapped the keen-eared fault-finder. "Don't want any whispering here, let alone any vague language intended to deceive or frivolous excuses."

"Come, come, sir," I said soothingly, "you must take what I say with a sneesh, or a pinch of snuff as they say in Scotland." Clearly I must mend this rift; I remembered in a flash how my

grandfather used to hide cracks or holes in wood or iron with beaumontague. "Capital stuff, laddie," he would say to me, "and they do say it was named after old Elie de Beaumont, the French geologist."

But the spoil-sport was determined to be peevish and crabbed, proper caper-noity, I thought him. "Thought I couldn't hear, didn't you? Just because I had one gin before and a couple of glasses of claret during you thought I'd been mallemaroking."

"I assure you, sir," I replied, determined to mollify the fellow, "that I would never associate you with the visiting and carousing of seamen in Greenland ships."

Then by lucky chance the founder of the feast himself rose to speak. Surely we could all agree about him. "What a wonderful, versatile man," I said with genuine enthusiasm, adding tritely, "A host in himself, you might call him."

"Yes, indeed. *Six men, 'e! (all rolled into one),*" retorted my cantankerous companion, now, it seemed, in a better humour.

The rest of the evening passed pleasantly enough with not the slightest suggestion of tohu-bohu or humdudgeon.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

UNBIOLOGICAL DRAGON

To the Editor of *Punch*

SIR,—In your recent political cartoon [representing China], you depicted a large, fire-breathing dragon. As a zoological graduate, I feel bound to point out that there was a serious error in this drawing. All dragons, being of the class Reptilia, are hatched from eggs, and are not born: your artist should not, therefore, have endowed his dragon with a navel.

Yours sincerely,

M. T. HEYDEMAN

Knowle, Warwickshire.

MECHANIZED MUSIC

To the Editor of *Punch*

SIR,—I oppose most strenuously Mr. Antony Hopkins' contention that mechanized music is to be deplored and though perfectly simulated is totally valueless. What is one to do when one lives in the country and cannot get to London or elsewhere to hear live concerts?

I enjoy daily without demur my Beethoven sonata or violin concerto in the quiet peace of my library although mechanically produced and interpreted by the same performer. To be logical

your contributor should object to chamber music being played in a vast concert hall. It used to be my privilege often to hear the Joachim quartet play in the drawing-room of a country house where they were accustomed to stay when they came to England and it was certainly different when heard from the gallery of the old St. James's Hall, but was the latter to be ignored?

Again, many hairs have been split as to whether a picture is by Giorgione or is merely a copy by one of his pupils, but does it really affect ones aesthetic appreciation? I wonder.

Yours faithfully,

WALTER HOWARTH

Wisborough Green, Sussex.

"LOVE LOCKED OUT"

To the Editor of *Punch*

SIR,—With reference to your article "Several Claimants" [arising out of the discovery of the original model for "Cherry Ripe"] my father, Nicholas Marcantonio, sat for "Love Locked Out." He was fourteen at the time (1890) and died in 1945, aged sixty-nine.

Yours faithfully,

RENEE CLARKE

Park Walk, S.W.10.

FOR
WOMEN

Model Dogs

IRANG Sloane 5792 and they told me Maurice was still in town. He has been so busy all this summer that he hasn't been able to get down to his cottage in Sussex at all, and his appointment book shows no slack times in sight. He was heavily dated that day, but would be disengaged around tea-time if I could drop in.

It is work, not pleasure, which keeps Maurice in London; although it must be admitted that part of his work is also his pleasure. Maurice is a professional model. Unlike other male models at fashion shows and in advertisements, he is the father of four hundred; and unlike other fathers, his progeny are a source of income instead of a liability. He himself is insured for a thousand pounds. He is a five-year-old Apricot Poodle—an unusually dark shade of apricot, which his owner achieved after ten years of skilful breeding. He is quite a large dog, but is called a Big Miniature.

Maurice is in constant demand by photographers, at a guinea an hour, and for commercial films and television. It is not just his good looks; the real secret of his success is that he is very good at his job. He co-operates. When he is called for by taxi his owner, Mrs. Grievson, just says "Modeling, Maurice!" and off he goes as pleased as Toby. Mrs. Grievson cannot explain this willingness, but it seems likely that vanity must be the reason. Nothing but vanity could make a dog so keen to stand about under hot arc lights hour after hour, putting on different coats, collars, and expressions.

His professional career seems to be unique in this country. I have inquired at many model agencies and found none

with a single dog on its books. The *International Model 1958* Directory gives pictures and particulars of girl models, matron models, male models, and child models, but no dog models. Of course some model girls have their own poodles, but they are part of their personal build-up and are included without extra fee. There are also various well-known society dogs who charge no fee, being only too pleased to get their pictures in the smart magazines; but you could not call them professionals any more than you could call Lady Lewisham a professional.

Things are different in America, where dogs are more commercially minded; and the top agency for model dogs, *Poodles by Dana*, is said to charge around five pounds an hour for photography, ten pounds for television appearances. Yorkshire terriers are coming into fashion, and I have just received from New York photographs and particulars of Tsumi Geer from

his booking agent: Rosemary Sheehan Mu. 5-1280, Day or Night. Day or night suggests intense pressure of work; yet Tsumi, 18 months old, is new to the job. He is being groomed for stardom. He is a Toy Yorkshire, bred in Surrey, England: Bust

12 inches, Waist 9½ inches, Hips 9 inches. Further details:

WARDROBE—20 leads. For Formals: Gold lead from *Le Chien Éléphant*, Paris.

Hair bands in 35 assorted colors. (Hair tawny with Platinum Coiffure by Guillaume.)

Coats by leading European and American Designers.



RATES—With wardrobe: \$.60 an hour.
As is: \$.50 an hour.

With special
color rinse: \$.25 extra.

With canine companion (experienced) \$4.00 each sitting.

TV EXPERIENCE: Fashion shows, Walk-ons, Commercials.

Note—No liquor or nicotine advertisements.

Tsumi can evidently afford to be fastidious, and can afford to be inexpensive (less than 4/- an hour, as is). Indeed, I know for a fact he has a rich mistress with an apartment on Park Avenue. She travels a great deal (hence the coats by Parisian couturiers) and doubtless he needs something to occupy him during her absences. He has probably taken to modelling for much the same reasons that debutantes take to it—boredom at home, and because it leads to advantageous offers of marriage.

ALISON ADBURGHAM

☆

Your Ideal Home

IF you read a recently quoted remark of a noted interior designer (why aren't they called decorators any more?) deploring tiled bathrooms, you might have been moved to rush upstairs with a hammer and chisel and ambitious plans for a close-carpeted bathroom swagged in silk and discreetly bristling with Victorian prints and French porcelain soap dishes.

But did you stop to think of all the other people doing the same?

In these days to be really socially exclusive it is no use heeding the pundits. In the days before mass-communication, they had their uses, when a word or shudder in a privileged ear was enough to set up some enviable new criterion. But now, to be really smart it is smarter to be unsmart.

Have you got an Anne Hathaway

teapot, for instance? Who has? you might ask. Exactly.

With a little ingenuity you could transform your Regency cottage in Hampstead or your Park Lane duplex into something startlingly *different*. Don't tell me you have a cedar-boarded house with the kitchen at the *front*. *Everybody* has.

Start with the name of your house. Have it done in white-painted Gothic letters on a strip of varnished rustic wood, and hang it from brass chains over the front door. Dunrovin and Isanders will give you an idea of the sort of name. Anagrams can be good. See what you can get from your name and his. Muriel and Sid, for instance, would give you a distinctive and cheering Durismile. Be personal—and *cosy*.

Have a piece removed from the top half of the front door and put in some coloured glass—three matching tulips, for a formal effect; a ship in sail, if you seek the lively. Remove the door knocker and install electric chimes.

Your ceilings are probably still wired for overhead lights, so it will be a simple matter to put those back. Picture rails should be placed about eighteen inches from the top of the walls (make sure you fill in all those rugged holes you made trying to get picture nails into the plaster), though in some rooms you might like to have a frieze of paper fruit and leaves instead.

Your *lounge* furniture is important. A three-piece suite (moquette would be perfect) is a *must*, as is a pouffe. Have frilled net glass curtains and drape them in a romantic, very complicated way. Get a flight of brass swallows to decorate the chimneypiece and a "Bubbles" for one of the walls.

Place horse brasses at intervals up the staircase wall, and upstairs get someone to build all your wardrobes *out*. Duchess sets on all the dressing-tables, and glass giraffes, tastefully deployed, on that in your own bedroom.

For the amusement of guests, there are several ideas but probably nothing to beat the musical toilet-paper holder.

You begin to see the picture, the snug overall effect—but it is all vaguely familiar. Well, it has been done before. But the point is that the people who were doing it have heard the mass-communicated whisper: they wouldn't be seen *dead* in a tiled bathroom.

CHES GUDENIAN

If Anyone Phones . . .

IF anyone phones while I'm out, just say I'll be in about tea-time. And be sure you get their names and numbers, whatever else you do. I shan't be long, I'm just popping down to the shops, but I think the dentist may ring, so tell him Wednesday at three or Thursday at half-past ten, or I could, if necessary, manage Monday at four forty-five. If Mrs. Milligan rings, explain that we've gone to Antibes or Aix-les-Bains for as long as the money lasts: it's always nice to have the Channel between us and Mrs. Milligan, but of course don't tell her that I told you that. If it's Mrs. Thompson, though, and not Mrs. Milligan, don't tell her about Antibes, just say we'd be delighted to go round on Sunday. And if the new help should ring, try and sound like a cook-general. My dear, I didn't mean to be offensive, I'm just diplomatic: she'll feel I have indoor staff, and that creates confidence. If it happens to be the butcher, his name is Saunders, and don't bother about his confidence: you can give him a raspberry about last week's rump. Well, you're terribly good at that sort of thing, and I'm sure you'll know what to say. And, my dear, just before I go: Paul might ring in a minute or two: if he does,

would you tell him I've got the lobster but I utterly depend on him to bring some drink when he comes, and we're out of cigarettes, and would he remember the peaches, and he mustn't think he's doing all the work because I've gone out to get coffee.

On second thoughts, I can't go out to get coffee. I can't even pop down to the shops. My dear, I've just remembered that it's early closing.

JOANNA RICHARDSON

Height of Folly

ON smart stiletto heels I sway,
Five inches by a half,
Painfully bringing into play
The muscles of my calf.

My sole is wider than my shoe,
My toes are packed as one;
My tender feet are black and blue,
My arches nearly gone.

But priceless is the elegance,
The grace I give my all for,
That wakes the warm, admiring glance
In men I am too tall for.

CAROLE PAINE



"Take a letter to the Acme Chair Company, Miss Fitzroy."



In the City

Help Yourself at the Banks

THE Lords Cohen and Monckton have set the City by the ears: the first with another dose of wisdom, tinged with a little gloom from his "Council on Prices, Productivity and Incomes"; the second with the venture of his Midland Bank into an entirely new avenue of "personal loans."

The second Cohen Report is a masterpiece of lucidity and modesty. The secret of the first of these virtues is probably the fact that the economist on the Council, Sir Dennis Robertson, is required to argue and expound his views in terms that will be understood by his two colleagues, intelligent men, eminent as lawyer and accountant respectively, but not versed in the jargon of political economy. And since no economist has better literary feeling and style than Sir Dennis (each chapter of his formidable book on Banking has an appropriate *Alice in Wonderland* quotation), the result is sheer bliss of comprehension and readability.

The Report is modest because although everything that was said in the first and preceding report has come true, every recommendation justified, nowhere does it say "we told you so." That must have taken considerable self-restraint especially in view of the abuse that was showered on the first report, mostly by the men of the Left. It was dismissed as the obfuscations of economic backwoodsmen. These critics who said that the antiquated blunderbuss of Bank Rate would never do its job are now busy eating their words.

With the reassurance of being right about the past, the Three Wise Men turn to the future and see it through somewhat baleful eyes: business is drifting off, things may be good but won't be so good for very long. The members of the Council, however, are not skinflints and Scrooges. They believe that "a high level of employment and growth of production must remain objectives of economic policy." Therefore they deem it desirable in the

present circumstances to give a stimulant to purchasing power and consumption—restrained and controlled—but a stimulant none the less. But let it be done, they say, not by pushing up wages, which will merely push up costs and prices but by such means as lowering taxes and easing hire purchase restrictions.

This is where Lord Monckton steps up to the platform. Do you want a loan, he says? Then come to the Midland Bank and help yourself to £500. No collateral, no attachment of the goods you are going to buy, and for good measure I will insure your life while the loan is running and you will be able to claim income tax and surtax reliefs on the interest you will be paying. This, in very summarized and necessarily incomplete form, is the gist of the Midland Bank's new personal loans service.

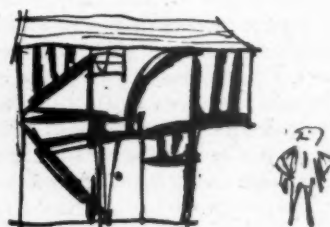
When a fortnight ago we in this column were analysing the banking stampede into hire purchase, we

ventured to write "H.P. will not be the same again, nor perhaps will banking. One wit has already depicted a bank customer fixing a £100 overdraft with his bank manager and inquiring what would be the down payment and the monthly instalments." From the beginning of last week this ceased to be a bit of *Alice in Wonderland* and became hard but pleasant reality. Where Lord Monckton has led the others are starting to follow, and the whole range of hire purchase transactions is bound to feel the impact of this entirely new intrusion of the banks into a type of credit operation which, while not hire purchase, will certainly compete with it on very keen terms.

No wonder that, while some industrial shares have wilted in the Cohen gloom, shares like those of Hoover, Vactric and other manufacturers of consumer goods have basked in the promise of this expansion in consumer credit.

LOMBARD LANE

* * *



In the Country

Better Than They Knew

AS any sociologist can prove, Science has done little but multiply human needs. Things undreamed of have now become necessities. All of us become increasingly burdened by this tyranny. We are like beavers trying to dam the Mississippi. The acquisition of things, the care of things, wholly absorbs us. Each year forges another link in our chain of serfdom. And just as Science has failed to liberate us, so too invention has done nothing to bring down the costs.

Before the war a new car could be bought for £110 and a workman's dwelling house could be erected for £500. I remember buying the former, and building the latter. But now in spite of a thousand inventions, all of which should have slashed the cost of manufacture, the price of everything has doubled even allowing for depreciation in currency.

On my desk I have a contractor's estimate for building a three-bedroom

cottage for a tractor-driver: constructed with concrete blocks, roofed with asbestos slate, the figure is £2,400. It would seem that at some point it would pay us to abandon Science and the machinations of industry and go back to building as our forefathers did. They didn't use concrete, they didn't bother with hauling or laying bricks. They built their walls with the earth taken from levelling the site. These cob walls, constructed of clay and a little chopped straw or horse-hair to bind the material, are still standing after three centuries. The advantage of cob, adobe, pisé or rammed earth is that the walls breathe. That is to say, because the material is *not* waterproof, the rain is partially absorbed by the surface where it lies till it evaporates, whereas on a concrete surface the water will run down till it finds a crack, and then enter the building. Similarly a cob wall is warmer in winter and cooler in summer because its thickness insulates it against extreme changes in temperature.

Even allowing for increased cost of labour, I reckon two men can, using planks as a frame for the earth, put up the walls of a house for what it now costs to buy concrete blocks, and get them transported to the house site.

If it weren't for the tangle of by-laws which specify precise but inappropriate materials, a man could still build a house to-day for under £800. He would be summonsed if he did.

RONALD DUNCAN

Diary of a Fashion Model

By Susan Chitty

MONDAY, February 10th. Must revise something I said. Going up the mountain on the horse was *not* my worst journey. Going back from the mountain in the Neapolitan's car was a good bit worse still. But there was one good thing. He got us home in four hours, which was just as well as we still had the short evening dresses to do and we fly to-morrow.

Ghost had discovered an hotel with a sort of circle of concrete down by the water which they assured us was a dance floor in the season, so as it was already late we decided to have dinner there and then have a photographic session afterwards. The dinner was super and while we were having it Pox was busy bribing the waiters to act as male models. Then we went into the powder room to change into very nude chiffon dresses in what Fonteyn called all the ice-cream colours. Fonteyn and Ghost (they had to change too to swell out the background) were vanilla-and-lemon, and Dolores and I were strawberry-and-pistachio. Ghost didn't look like Ghost with her glasses off and so much of her showing.

As we filed down the rock path to the dance-floor, music was coming up from the water's edge. It sounded thin and sad but with a terrific beat, and then we came round a bend and there was Pox silhouetted against the moonlit water like Don Quixote with the Sirocco in his moustache. He was doing a strange dance with four men in evening dress, and when he saw us he bowed low and said "Welcome to the Ballo Tondo. The most primitive dance in the world." At that moment the whole dance-floor was suddenly floodlit and we could see where the music had been coming from. Three waiters in white dinner jackets were sitting on little gold chairs at the edge of the dance-floor. There were palms in flower pots round them like at the Dorchester, but instead of saxophones and things one had bagpipes, one a

wooden whistle, and one a tiny leather drum.

"Meet Mario, Flavio, Silvio and Carlo," said Pox, bringing forward the four he had been dancing with. Recognized the wine waiters and the hall porter. They all said "*Incantato*" and kissed our hands in turn, which was a bit soppy but they were quite overpoweringly handsome. So for that matter was the band.

"A drop of the old Gennargentu to keep the Sirocco out?" said Pox, jumping his moustache at us, and he led the way to a floodlit rock covered with bottles of different coloured liquids. He poured us each a thimble-sized glass of green stuff. It tasted of cough drops and burnt all the way down. Then the band struck up an even hotter, sadder tune and we all started to dance.

The Ballo Tondo was much easier than the quickstep (which I'm hopeless at). There were only two steps but it didn't get dull because you danced round in a circle and kept changing partners, and as the music got faster they changed so often that you hardly knew who you were dancing with. After a bit the band moved to the centre of the circle. All the waiters seemed to play all the instruments, so I danced with the band just as much as with Mario, Silvio, Flavio and Carlo, and every now and again one or other of them would lead me over to the bar and give me a thimbleful of cough drops which was much more reviving than lemonade. Conversation ought to have been difficult but the names of Italian arias seemed to work and every time I said *La manina gelida* I got it kissed even though it wasn't, which ought to have been embarrassing but didn't seem to be.

Pox was climbing about the rocks like a Sardinian moufflon (wild goat). Occasionally the floodlight would catch his eyes which were gleaming like diamonds. He was hissing "Avendon'll take up crochet after this" over and

over again. Ghost looked like a bit in Horace's Odes that Miss Toomer made us skip. Her pistachio chiffon was flying frenziedly in the Sirocco and there was a glassy look in her eye (being short-sighted, I expect). Fonteyn dragged us back to the hotel once to change flavours, but after that she gave up and she and Silvio were missing for a long time. Even Pox joined in, and danced more wildly than the waiters (mostly with Dolores). Whenever he caught anybody's eye he shouted *Viva la Sardegna* and jumped his moustache. Everybody was so friendly I felt like crying.

The friendliest of all was Mario, which was lucky as he was the handsomest. He seemed to be dancing with me twice to everybody else's once and he always filled my thimble fuller. In fact if he'd been a duke I think he'd have done. But it turned out he wasn't even a gentleman.

It was rather awful actually. I had said *Sono stanca della vita*, and he said the best thing for that would be to go down and sit by the water, which we did. It was really super. You could see the Spanish ramparts across the bay in the moonlight and the water was lapping at our feet more like Windermere than the sea.

And then Mario bit my ear!

At first I thought he'd made a mistake and pretended not to notice. But he seemed to be going to make a meal of it and of course my career as



model would have been finished if he had, so I jumped up. Before I knew what to do he had got between me and the rocks and there was nothing behind me but the sea. I could hear the music still coming from the rocks above and Pox saying *Viva la Sardegna* and Dolores squawking *Olé* (her Italian's rotten) but they might have been on the moon for all the good they could do me. Mario was closing in murmuring *Bella, bella* and making it quite clear that if I didn't let him go on eating my ear he would push me into the water.

Then I remembered a book I'd borrowed at school. It was all about how the modern young woman must be ready for anything and what handy weapons quite everyday things can be. Of course I hadn't a lighted cigarette, an umbrella or a matchbox for wrapping my fist round (trust me to come out without them), and there wasn't a cinema seat in front for me to knock out Mario's front teeth on. But just as these very teeth were closing in on me again I remembered the last sentence of the book: "Every smart girl carries her own best weapon on her feet." Of course! I bent my knee as high as I could and brought my aluminium stiletto heel crashing down on Mario's toe. He gave a kind of gasp and stepped backwards and I made a dash for the steps, got up them three at a time, and didn't look back till I was safe in the middle of the Ballo Tondo again.

Rest of the evening not very clear. I may have dreamed it but I think at one stage we were all driving along the

front in Salvatore's friends' cab. The horse had gone to bed and the waiters were in the shafts and Pox was sitting on the box with Dolores leading us in "Land of Hope and Glory." The moon was so bright that the road and the ramparts were dazzling white and you could see the fishing boats miles out at sea. There wasn't a soul in sight (so much for the stuff in Ghost's article about the night-life—official, I mean), but Ghost didn't seem to mind. She was lying across our feet rendering *Che farò senza Euridice* in a fruity contralto as a descant to Land of H. and G.

Then there was a bar full of people with shrimps' legs on the floor and we were eating blackbirds wrapped in myrtle leaves. Salvatore and the cab driver were there and so was the one-eyed Neapolitan and all the film-star waiters. Then we were in a shed where an old woman was stewing something over a fire in a copper retort. Stuff like water was dripping out of the spout but when she gave me some it made my eyes water. Pox was taking photographs again and then she started to cry. Something about *fotografia* and *polizia* and *prigione*. Don't remember any more.

Tuesday, February 11th. In the middle of the night Fonteyn came into our bedroom in a black kimono with her hair down (she looked terrifying) and said "Pox and Dolores. They've gone off together. He needs chaperoning. I must go after them." I suppose we went back to sleep (we were feeling rather

odd, I remember) but when we'd finally got dressed we went into Fonteyn's room to see if we'd dreamt it. There was nothing but a pile of trunks, a box of films and a note smelling of "Indiscretion" which said "Take this lot home and tell *Fable* to send reinforcements." She had also left our passports and air tickets but no money.

Ghost was wonderful. You'd never have thought she'd lost three pairs of goloshes in a term once. She checked that our bill had been paid, sold our jewellery to pay for a taxi to the airport (we only had the gold crosses we got for Confirmation), gave our toothpastes to the chambermaid and the hall porter as we couldn't afford tips, tore up a telegram signed Gindrinska which said "Hear Grappa excellent. Import one doz. in shoes" and found our seats in the plane. During the flight she even caught up with some readers' letters about what to wear for point-to-points. But at London Airport even she gave up. They wanted another 10/- for the bus fare back into London and we had a five-lira note and that was all.

We sat down on a leatherette bench while they piled the trunks up round us and Ghost said "Oh Gosh" several times.

"Come on!" said a familiar voice behind us. "The car's outside."

It was Doug!

Next week:

More about Douglas



DOUGLAS.

COPYRIGHT © 1958 by Bradbury, Agnew & Company, Limited. All rights of reproduction are reserved in respect of all articles, sketches, drawings, etc., published in PUNCH in all parts of the world. Reproductions or imitations of any of these are therefore expressly forbidden. The Proprietors will always consider requests for permission to reprint. Editorial contributions requiring an answer should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade, except at the full retail price of 9d.; and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

Reg'd at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Entered as 2nd-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., P.O. 1963. Postage of this issue: Gt. Britain and Eire 2½d.; Canada 1d.* Elsewhere Overseas 3½d.† Mark Wrapper top left-hand corner "Canadian Magazine Post" † Printed Papers—Reduced Rate."

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION RATES: (including all Special and Extra Numbers and Postage). Great Britain and Eire £2.16.0; Canada (by Canadian Magazine Post) £2.10.0 (\$7.25); Elsewhere Overseas £3.0.0 (U.S.A. \$9.00). U.S.A. and Canadian readers may remit by cheques on their own Banks. Other Overseas readers should consult their Bankers or remit by Postal Money Order. For prompt service please send orders by Air Mail to PUNCH, 10 Boulevard Street, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4, England.

'd
n-
it.
ts,
of
ais
n-
ur
y.
er
of
ed
ur
ort
or
to
as
le-
id
ne
in
en
ers
ts.
p.
us
a
ch
us
ral
ce



all
nt.
ect
of
by

2